

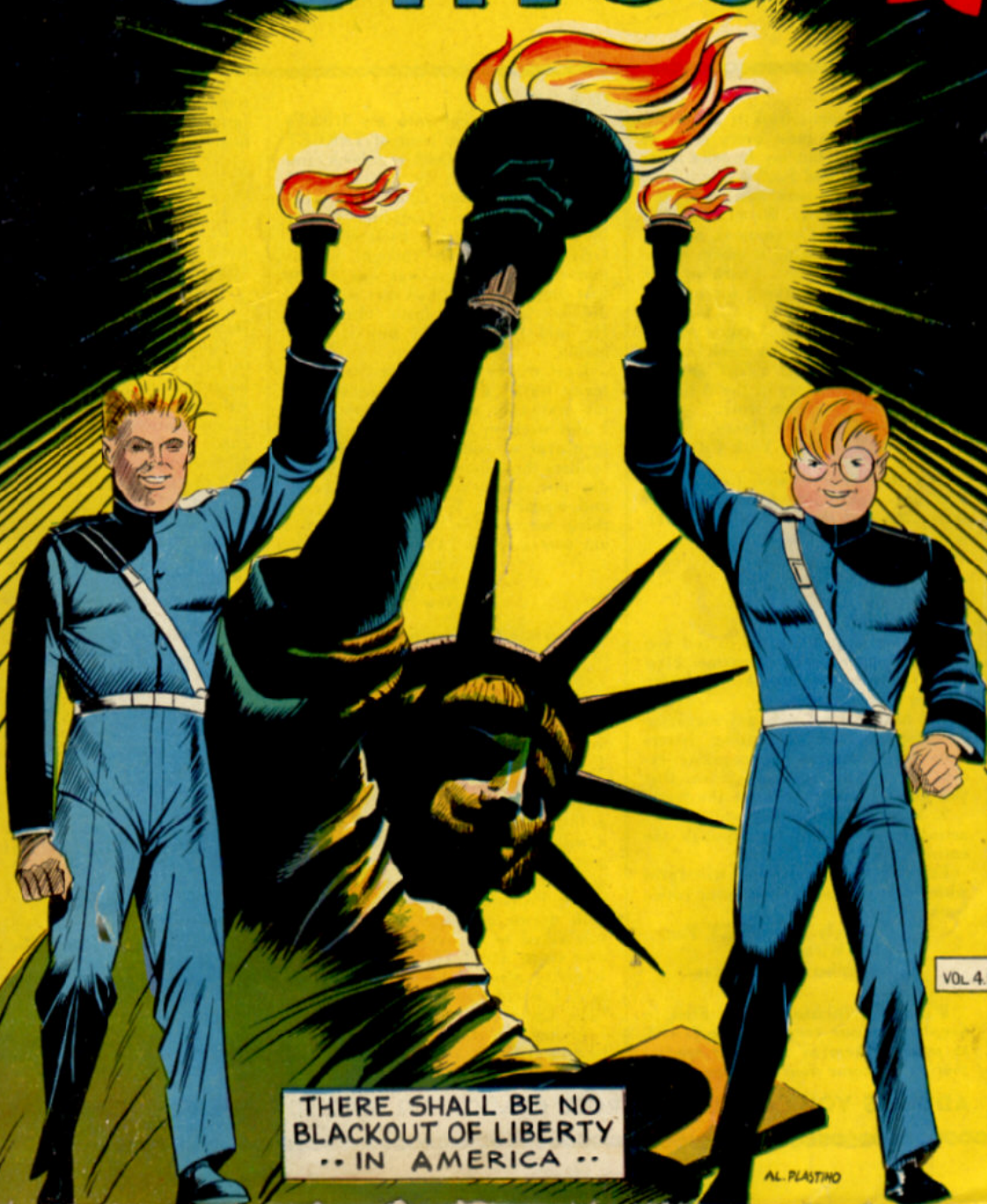
CHAMELEON ★ THE CADET ★ TARGET

July -
August

TARGET COMICS

10¢

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A
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THERE SHALL BE NO
BLACKOUT OF LIBERTY
.. IN AMERICA ..

VOL. 4, Nº 5

AL. PLASTINO



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Fellows and Girls:

Your Uncle Sam needs paper for the War and, because of this, all publishers of magazines and newspapers are cooperating with him by cutting down on the amount of paper they use in their magazines, etc. TARGET COMICS is very glad to do its part, and it is for this reason that we are combining the July and August issues of TARGET. This means that you will only be able to buy one TARGET for these two months instead of a separate issue for July and one for August. We have also reduced the quantity of magazines that we print each issue so that many readers, if they get to the newsstands late, may be unable to buy a copy of their favorite Comic. Won't you help your Uncle Sam and help us save paper by passing on your copy of TARGET to other fans who come too late to buy it at the newsstands and who would otherwise miss seeing their favorite characters.

We had a very hard time selecting the few letters we have room to publish on this page as we had dozens of wonderful letters from you readers. Don't forget to read them all and keep writing to us. The Editors need all you Associate Editors these days, and it's certainly swell to hear how you're all making that money with which to buy War Stamps and Bonds.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS.

Dear Editor

My favorite comic book is TARGET COMICS. I like most every strip in the whole book, but my favorite story is "Speck, Spot and Sis." I like it best because it seems very much like the fellows on my block. We have a club called the Junior Commandos, and we collect scrap and bring it down to our nearest scrap drive post. I earn my War Stamp money by working for a shoe-maker; I do all sorts of jobs for him. I think it is the duty of every American boy and girl to do as much as they can towards the War Effort and towards the final victory of the Allies.

Yours truly,
Jesse Henry,
New York City

You and your Junior Commandos have the right idea, Jesse, and with spirit like that the road to VICTORY will be shortened a lot.

• • • • •

Dear Editors:

I am writing this letter to tell you what I think of your magazine. First of all, I have two reasons for liking it, they are as follows:

1. I have not yet seen any magazine company publish criticizing letters from its readers in its magazine except yours. This certainly proves that you are not afraid to print the truth.

2. Your magazine not only shows action on its cover, but through the entire book.

I'm sure all your readers will agree with my two reasons about your comic book.

Sincerely a TARGET Fan,
Fred Witzgall,
Guttenberg, New Jersey.

We need criticizing letters, Fred, to keep us on our toes, and we HAVE to publish them to show our readers that we welcome their comments.

Dear Editors:

One day I went into my friend's house and found an issue of TARGET COMICS. I borrowed the book and brought it home. My father said I could not have any comic books because they were too fantastic. Then I showed my father the book of TARGET COMICS. He thought it was marvelous since this was one of the first comic books he had ever seen that did not contain fantastic characters. He said that I could buy it every month.

I get money to buy War Stamps in many ways. I save forty cents from my sixty-cent allowance every week. I also work in a butcher store. I am in charge of collecting books for the soldiers throughout our school. In one day our school collected 3,134 books and magazines. We are doing everything we can for the War Effort. I am now a loyal TARGET reader.

Sincerely yours,
Martin Freeman,
New York City.

I guess all we can say is "GOOD" to everything in your letter, Martin.

• • • • •

Dear Editors:

I have been getting your comic book for some time. My favorite strip is "Al T Tude." It has everything and couldn't be better. "Bull's Eye Bill" deserves a "bull's eye," too, and with a little more history mixed with it, it will be the best in the outfit. I suggest you take "Gulliver's Travels" out and put in comic strips like "Powerhouse Pepper" and "Scoop Scuttle," both drawn by Basil Wolverton. As you asked us to say more about the new strip "Dan'l Flannel," I'd say it is pretty good. Like Paul McLurnin says, I would also like more action in "The Cadet."

About War Bonds, I am co-owner in several Bonds and am working hard to buy one of my own. And to add

something, I am going to work on a farm this summer and relieve an older man for combat duty.

A Fan,
Master Thomas A. Lewellen,
Prescott, Arizona.

How do you like the "United Nations" story that has now replaced "Gulliver's Travels," Tom?

• • • • •

Dear Editor

Though I expect you do not wish to be bothered with many letters, I have promised myself that I would write to you. Here at the camp where I am stationed, the biggest selling comic book is TARGET. Not only the U. S. Army reads it, but also the Navy and Marines. After a hard day's work a man in one of the Armed Forces likes to take it easy and read something that will give him a few laughs. It may sound kind of silly for the men in the Armed Forces to read Comic Books, but that is a real treat these days. The boys here gave up reading the newspaper because all it has is War and more War. The comic book called TARGET is the best one the boys and I have ever read. The biggest cry that anybody hears at the Ship Service these days is, "Hey, Sister, gimme a few comic books called TARGET." In the Army, Navy, and Marines, almost every person has at least two or three Bonds. Keep up the good work and we will all be happy. If I receive any kind of a prize, I will buy some candy for the boys.

Sincerely yours,
Private Samuel Schepps,
Quonset Point, Rhode Island.

We hate to say you're wrong, Private Schepps, but the fact is the more letters we receive, the better we like it, and we are sending you a buck with which to buy some more candy for the boys because of your swell letter

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The CADET

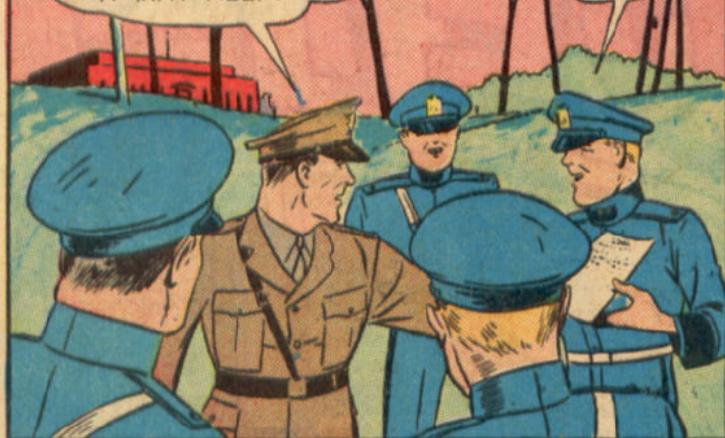
FEATURING
KIT
CARTER



THE CAPTAIN DISCUSSES THE PROJECT WITH KIT, WHO IS APPOINTED HEAD OF THE CADET COMMITTEE.

HERE'S A LIST OF THE PREFERRED BREEDS. IT MAY HELP.

THANK YOU, SIR!



BREEDS MOST WANTED BY THE ARMY'S K-9 CORPS.

GERMAN SHEPHERDS	BOXERS
BELGIAN SHEPHERDS	POINTERS
DOBERMAN PINCHERS	COLLIES
GERMAN SHORT	POODLES
GREAT DANES	BRIARDS
OLD ENGLISH	SPANIELS
SHEEP DOGS	IRISH
DALMATIANS	SETTERS
SCHNAUZERS	AIRDALES
ENGLISH SPRINGERS	

OTHERS ONLY ON SPECIAL ORDER.

MY CHOW WON'T BE ANY GOOD BUT I THINK I CAN GET MY BROTHER'S GERMAN SHEPHERD!

MINE'S OKAY.



ALL CADETS WHO OWN DOGS ON THE LIST, MEET DOWN AT THE BOAT-HOUSE. WE'LL MAKE PLANS THERE.

FINE! I'LL STAY OVER THE WEEK-END TO GET YOU STARTED.



A SHORT TIME LATER, THE DOG OWNERS SIGN UP...

THAT'S ALL EXCEPT FOR YOU, DAN. LET'S HAVE YOUR SIGNATURE.

GUESS I'M OUT OF THIS—NO DOG!

HA! HA!



WHY NOT SIGN YOURSELF UP, MERRY? HA-HA!

GO AHEAD AND LAUGH! I'LL HAVE THE LAST GIGGLE, YOU WORMS!

HOW ABOUT THAT, DAN?



UNFORTUNATELY, THE COOK'S CAT TAKES THE PUNCH OUT OF DAN'S DRAMATIC EXIT!

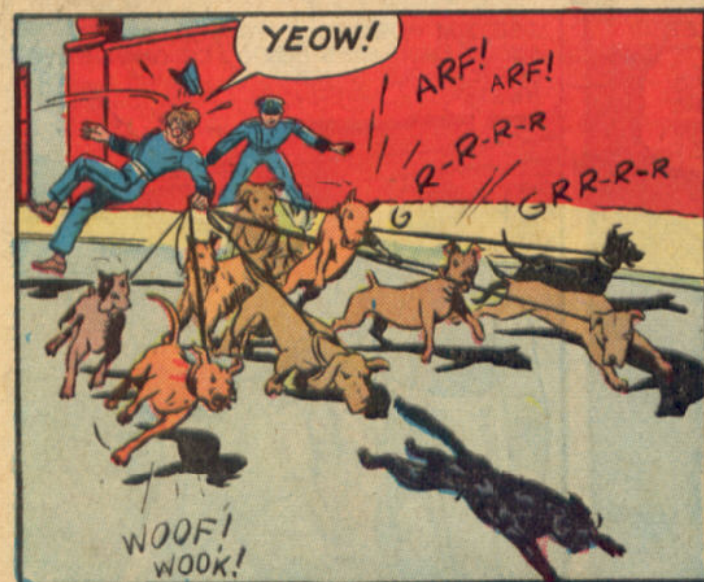
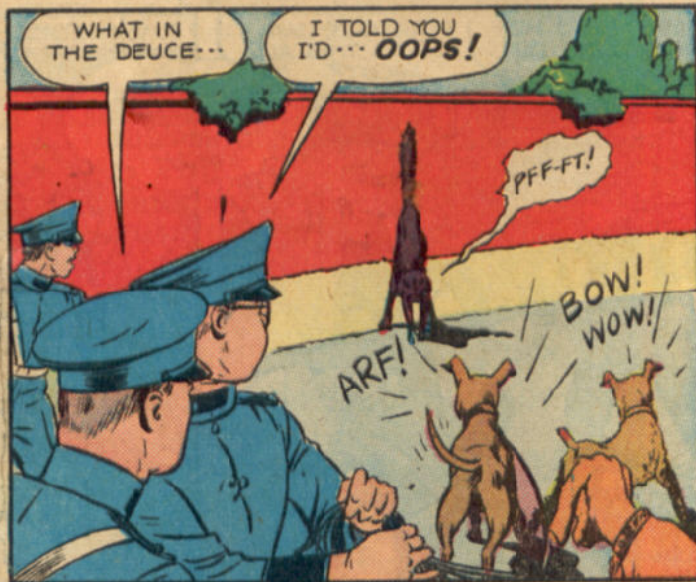
CATS ARE MORE YOUR SPEED, EH, MERRY?

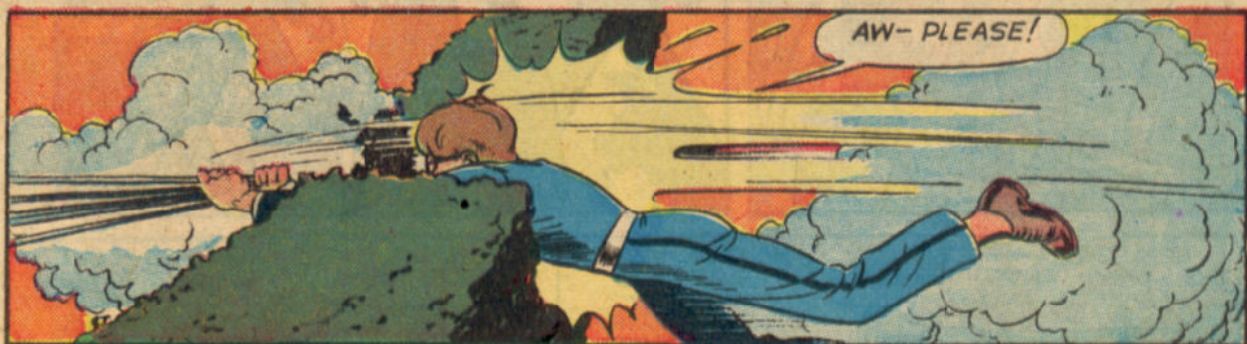
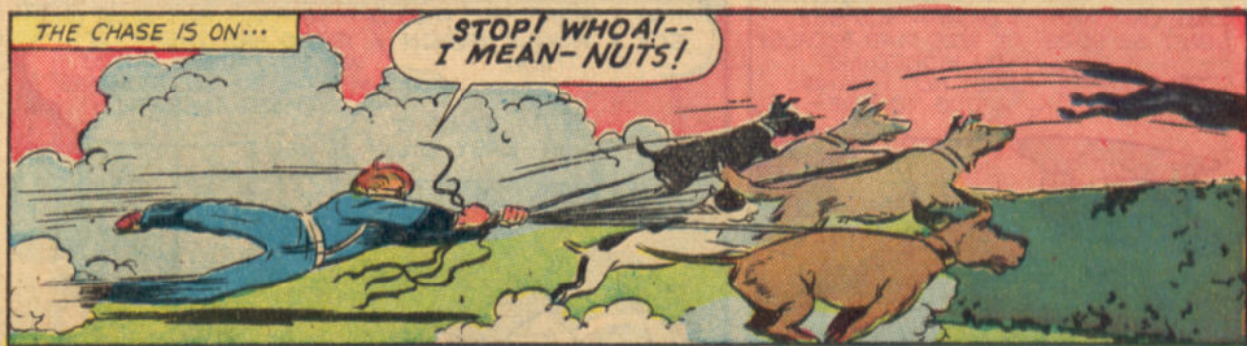
NUTS!

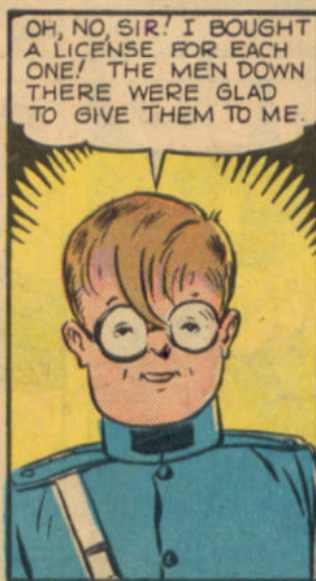
MEOW!

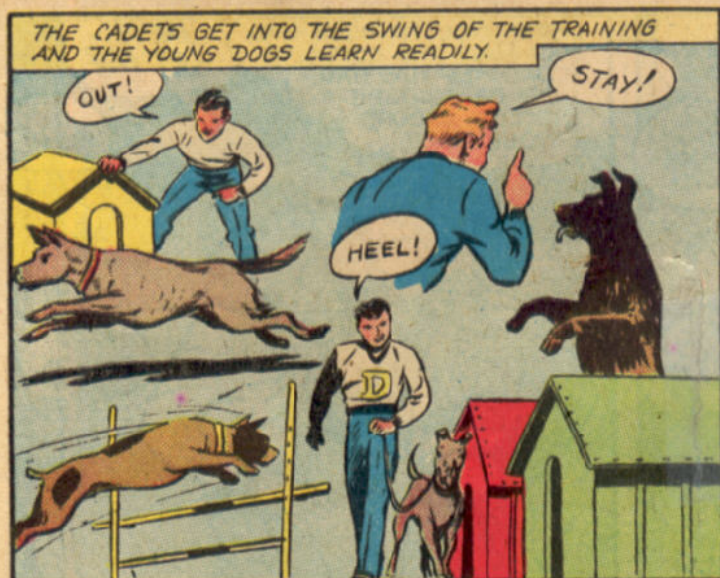




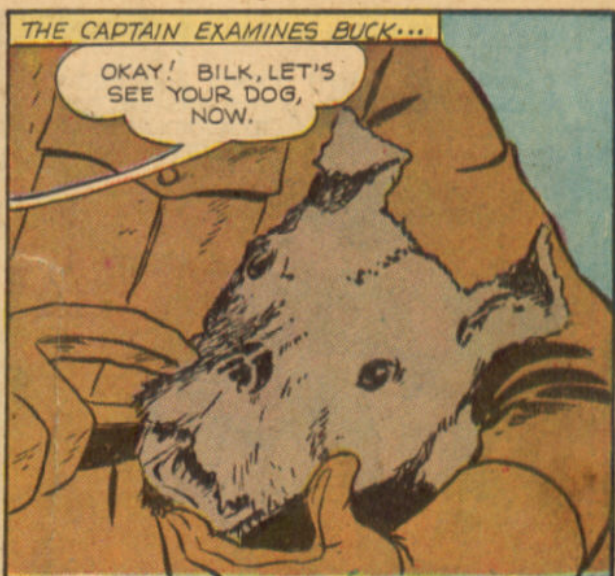
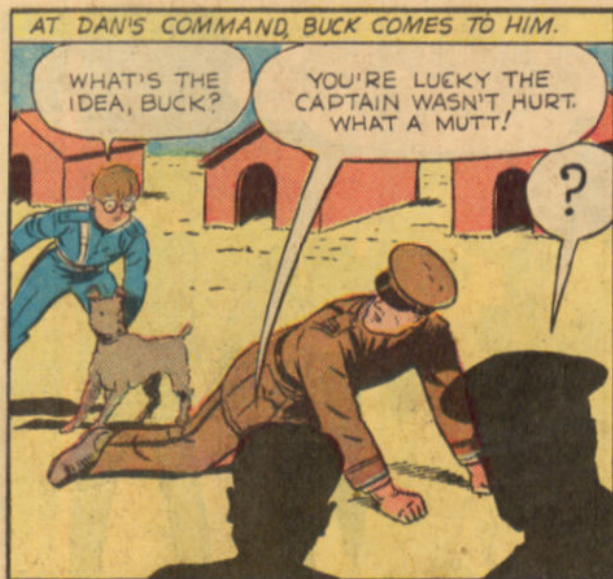


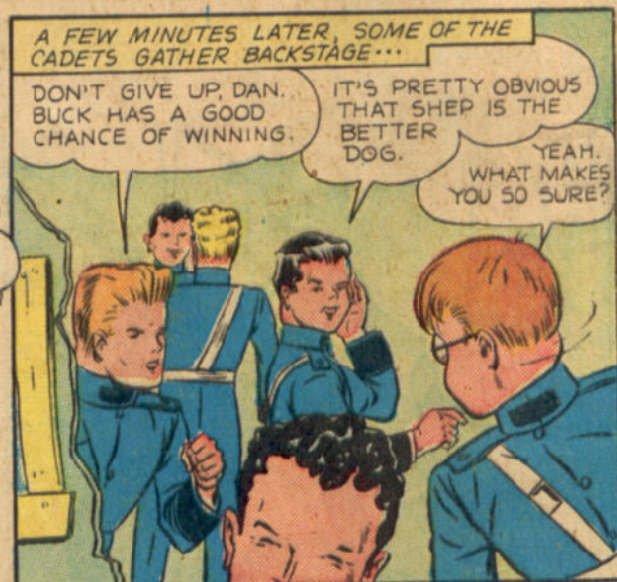
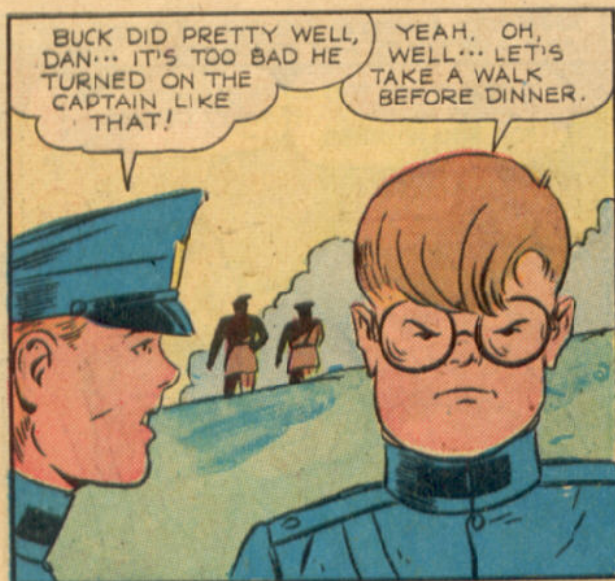


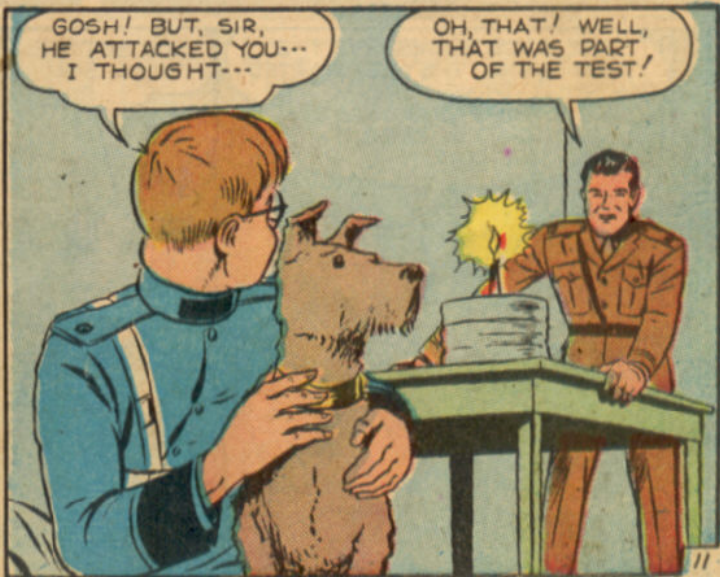
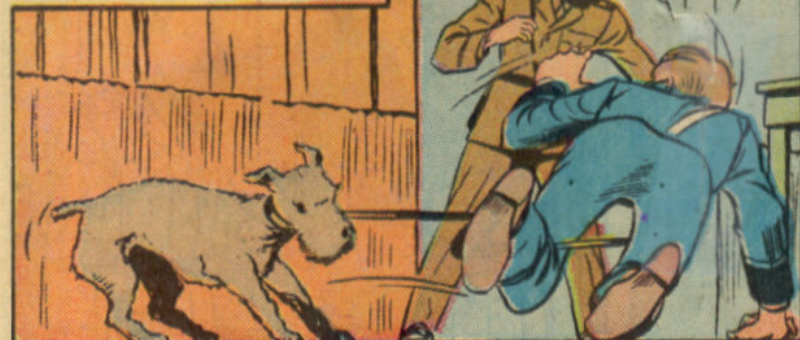














WOULD YOU LIKE TO
SEND **YOUR DOG** TO
WAR?

WRITE FOR A QUESTIONNAIRE
TO

DOGS FOR DEFENSE

22 EAST 60TH STREET
NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

DO NOT SEND YOUR DOG!



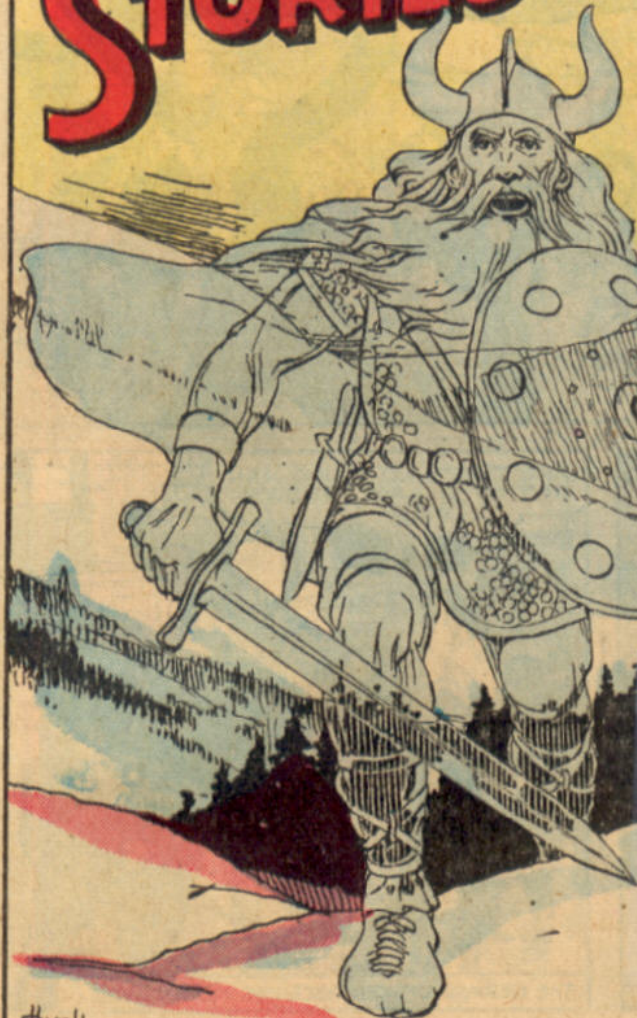
KIT CARTER AND THE
DAUNTON CADETS WILL BE
BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF

TARGET

WITH A BRAND NEW STORY

STORIES OF THE UNITED NATIONS

NORWAY



THE SPIRIT OF THE VIKINGS, THOSE GREAT NORSE WARRIORS OF OLD, LIVES AGAIN IN THIS STORY OF THE MODERN MEN AND WOMEN OF NORWAY...

ON THAT TERRIBLE DAY WHEN PEACEFUL SHIPS IN THE HARBOR SPOUTED TROOPS AND GUNS, WHEN THE ROAR OF GIANT PLANES FILLED THE AIR, A LITTLE GROUP OF TOWNSFOLK GATHERED IN A TINY NORWEGIAN VILLAGE...

Harold Deloy



WHAT CAN WE DO AGAINST SUCH ODDS?



YOUNG MEN OF OUR VILLAGE! FLEE WITH ME TO THE HILLS WHERE WE CAN PLAN RESISTANCE!

WE ARE WITH YOU, ROLAND. BUT LET US HURRY—THE GERMANS WILL SOON BE HERE!



BELOW, ALONG A STEEP CLIFF, THE NAZI PATROL SEARCHES FOR THE NORWEGIANS!



BUT THE SMALL BAND OF MEN ARE RESOURCEFUL.

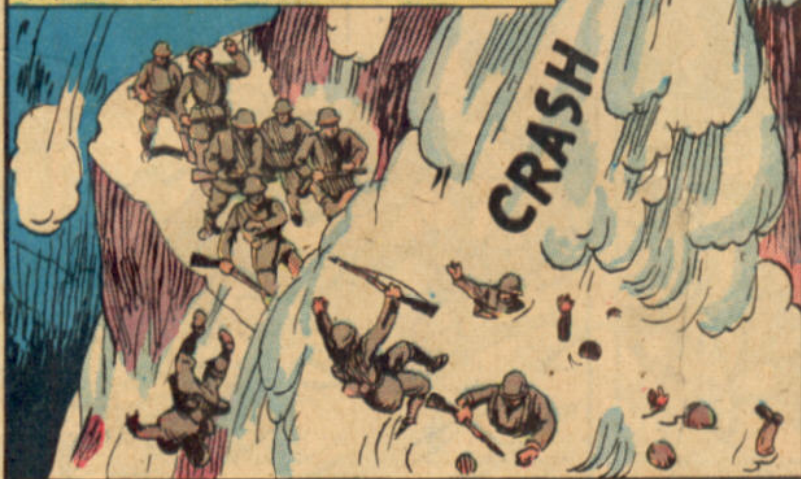
LUCKY I BROUGHT THIS DYNAMITE ALONG.



THEY COME!
LIGHT THE FUSE
AND RUN!



WITH A ROAR, THE DYNAMITE EXPLODES AND A GREAT MASS OF ICE AND SNOW FALLS UPON THE NAZIS HALTING THEM.



THE TRAIL IS BLOCKED. THEY WILL HAVE TO WAIT FOR REINFORCEMENTS!

AT LEAST IT WILL GIVE US TIME TO ORGANIZE!



HIDDEN HIGH IN THE MANY MOUNTAINS, THE NORWEGIANS PREPARE FOR BATTLE.

HA! I SEE YOU LIKE OUR NEW SLEDS, EH, LEIF!

I HOPE WE'LL BE READY TO USE THEM SOON!



AND HERE COME MORE VOLUNTEERS! HOW CAREFULLY CHRIS WATCHES THEM.



AND A LITTLE LATER THAT SAME DAY...

ROLAND, THE GERMANS
COME! MANY OF THEM.
THEY HAVE RECEIVED
REINFORCEMENTS. NOW,
WE WILL FIGHT!

WE MUST WAIT
TILL TONIGHT,
WHEN THEY
CAMP ON
THE PLATEAU!



THAT NIGHT THE BRAVE LITTLE BAND
PREPARES TO ATTACK.

THERE IS THE
CAMP! GET
READY.



THE TIME HAS COME!
THE ENEMY OUTNUMBERS
US BUT WE ARE STRONGER
IN SPIRIT! **ATTACK!**

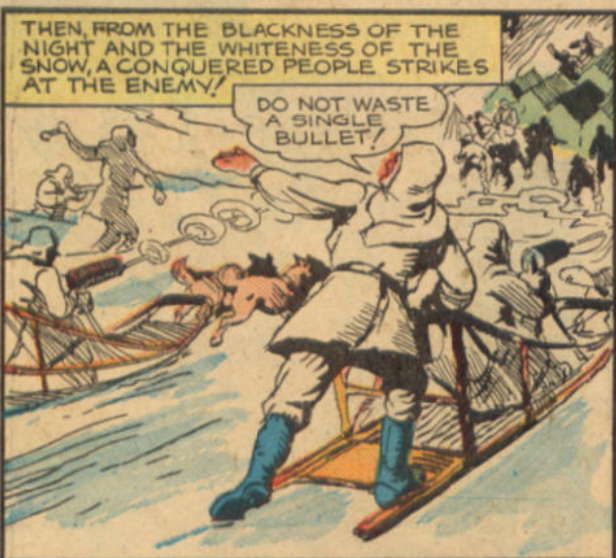


UNHEARD AND UNSEEN BY
NAZI SENTRIES, THE WHITE-
CLAD BAND HURTTLES DOWN
THE SLOPE!



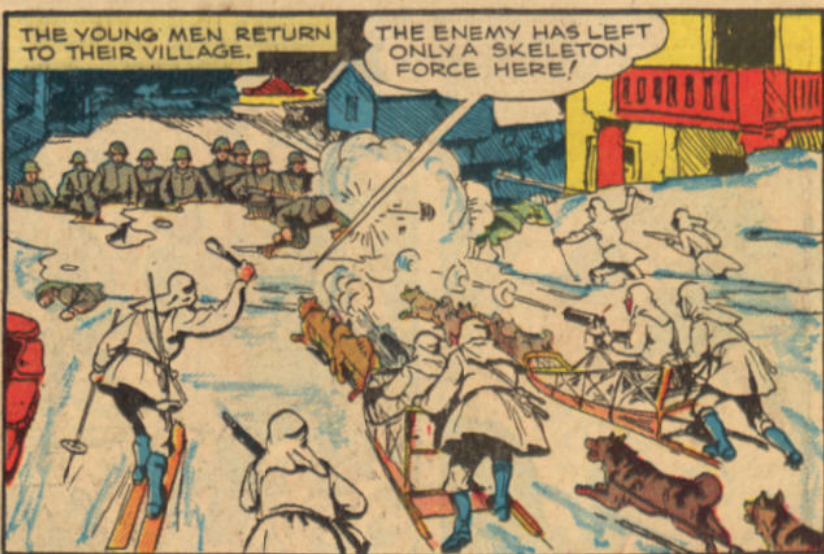
THEN, FROM THE BLACKNESS OF THE
NIGHT AND THE WHITENESS OF THE
SNOW, A CONQUERED PEOPLE STRIKES
AT THE ENEMY!

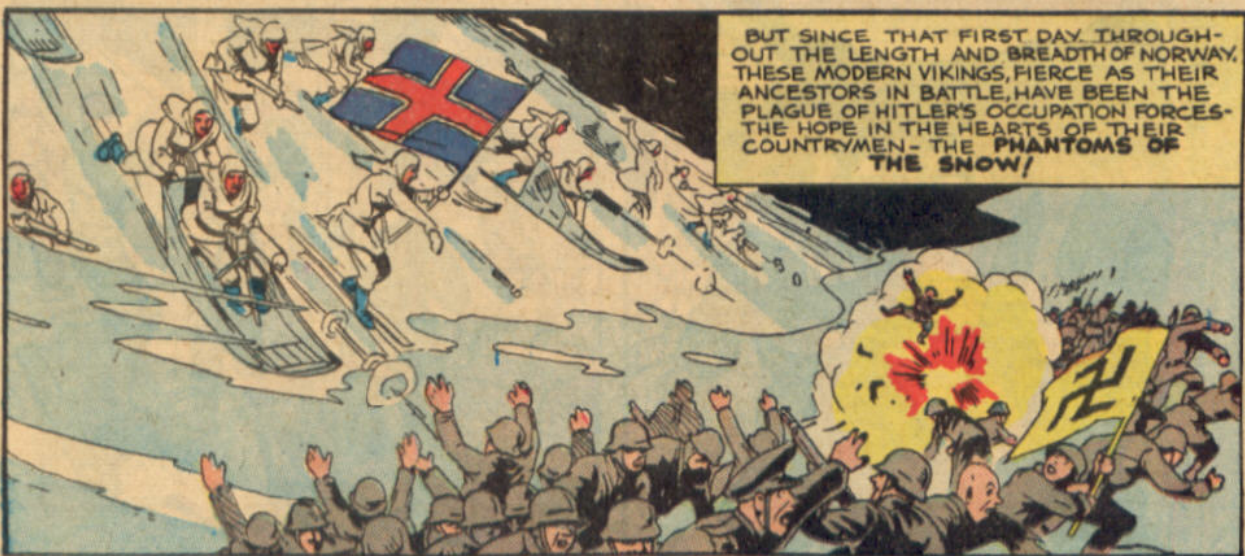
DO NOT WASTE
A SINGLE
BULLET!



TOO SWIFT TO SHOOT AT, THE PATRIOTS SWEEP
THROUGH THE NAZI CAMP LIKE ROCKETS---
BURSTING IN FURY AMIDST THE ENEMY!







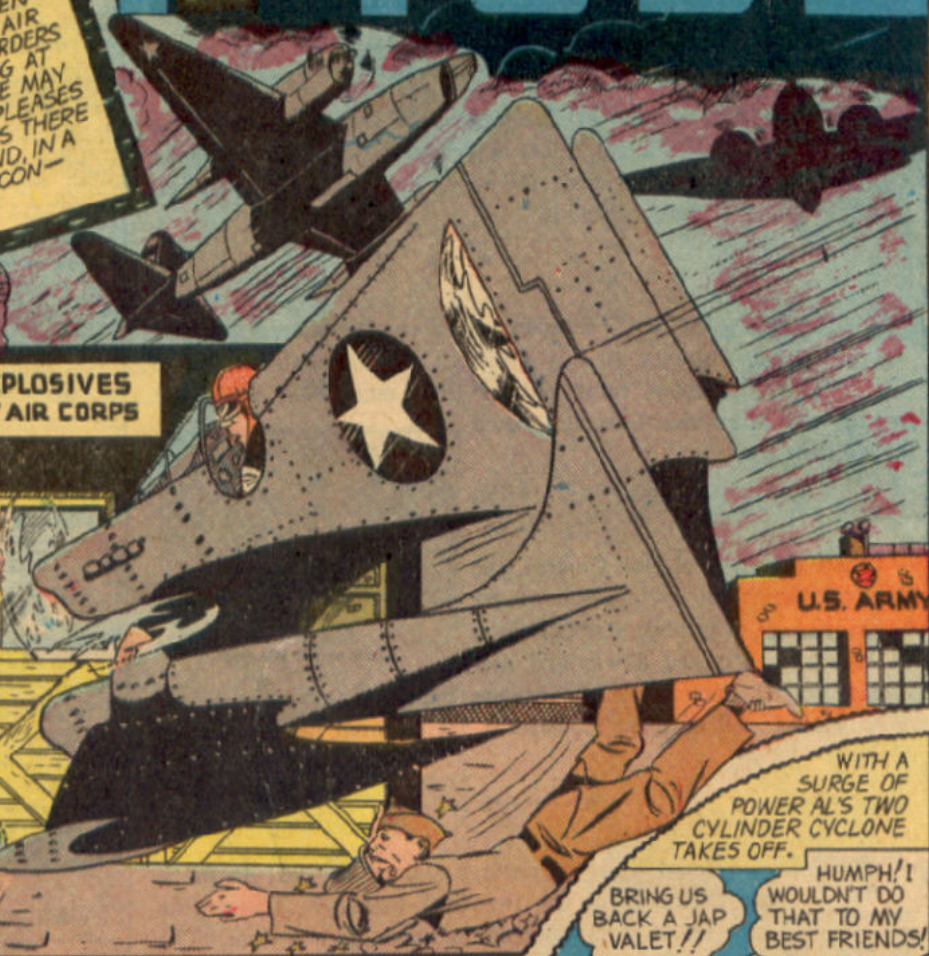
ALTITUDE

OUR HERO, HAVING BEEN SWORN INTO THE ARMY AIR CORPS, HAS RECEIVED ORDERS TO REPORT FOR TRAINING AT A MIDWESTERN FIELD. HE MAY TRAVEL HOWEVER HE PLEASES ... AS LONG AS HE GETS THERE ON TIME! HE DOES! AND, IN A PLANE OF HIS OWN CONCOCTION!

BY FRED BELL

HIGH EXPLOSIVES
U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS

STAY OUT
NO ADMITTANCE
PENALTY OF
THE LAW



WITH A SURGE OF POWER AL'S TWO CYLINDER CYCLONE TAKES OFF.

BRING US BACK A JAP VALET!!

HUMPH! I WOULDN'T DO THAT TO MY BEST FRIENDS!

TO SAVE MONEY, AL BUILDS A PLANE FROM BITS OF SCRAP AND PREPARES TO LEAVE---

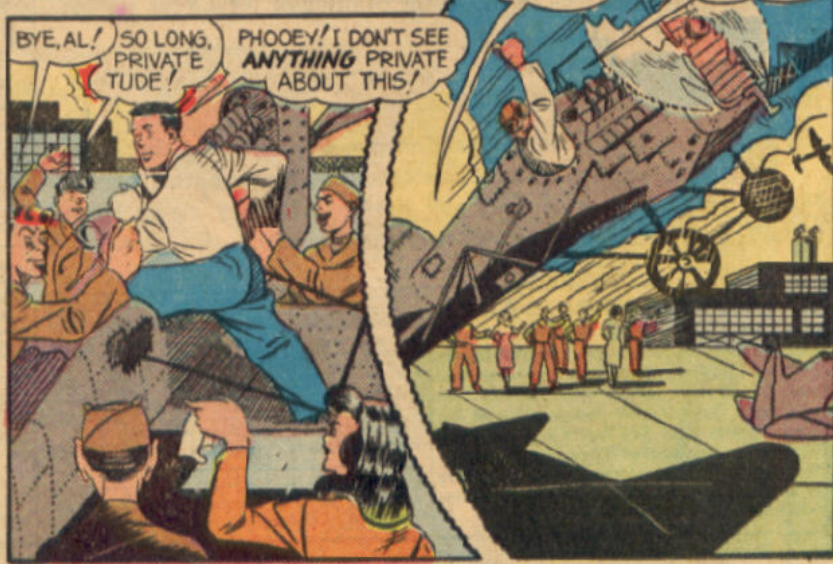
I HATE SENTIMENTAL PARTINGS! I'D RATHER LEAVE WHEN NO-ONE IS LOOKING!

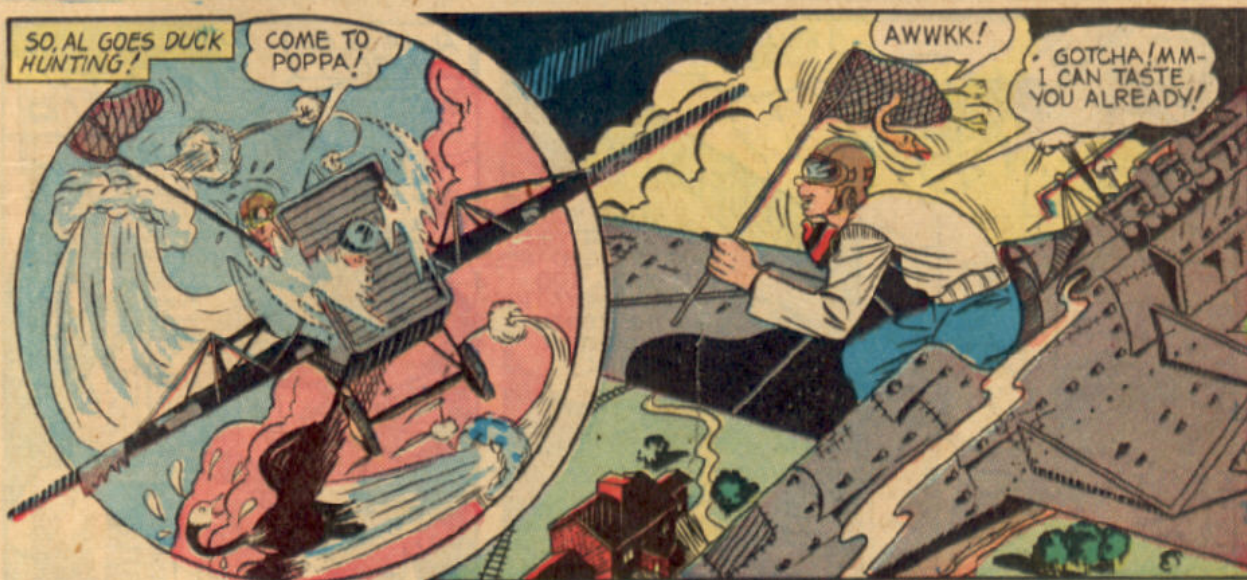
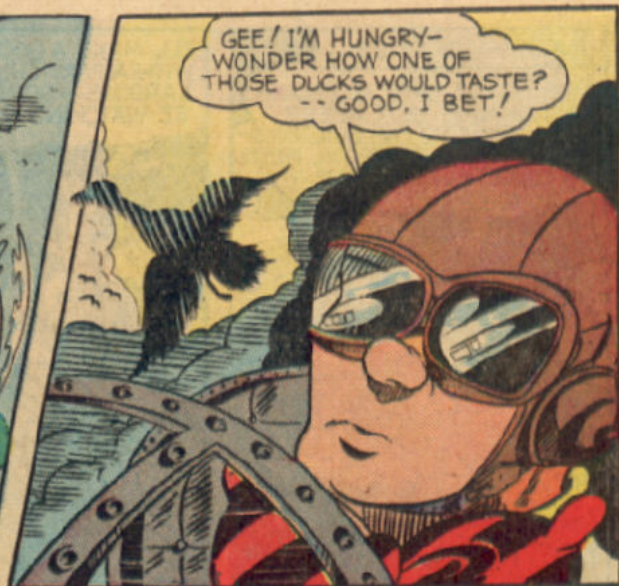
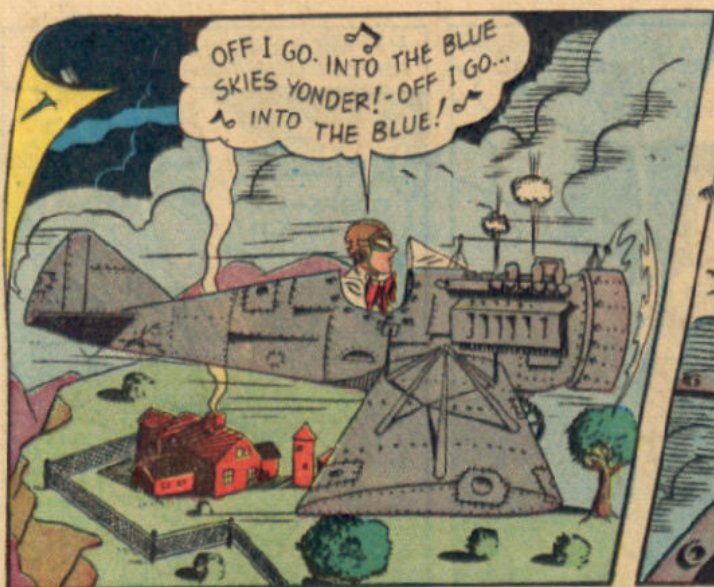
PSST--NOW!



BYE, AL! SO LONG, PRIVATE TUDE!

PHOOEY! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING PRIVATE ABOUT THIS!





A FEW HOURS LATER...

THIS IS THE SPOT, ACCORDING TO THE MAP... BUT WHERE THE HECK ARE THE BUILDINGS-- MAYBE THIS IS A SPECIAL FIELD OR SOMETHING---MMM---

I'LL MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION WITH A PARTICULARLY NICE LANDING--- SOMEONE MIGHT BE WATCHING ME!

AL'S WHEELS TOUCH GROUND FOR A PERFECT LANDING---HOWEVER,

CRASH!

OOOPS--WHAT TH--OUCH!

CRUNCH!

HELLO! HEH! HEH!

CAMOUFLAGE GLASS

I TOLD YOU BOYS THAT YOU'D CAMOUFLAGED THESE BUILDINGS TOO THOROUGHLY! THIS IS THE TENTH ACCIDENT IN A WEEK!

AL WRIGGLES FREE!

WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

I WANT TO LEARN HOW TO FLY, SIR!

TO FLY? HMPH! ER, YES! HOW DID YOU GET HERE, BY THE WAY?

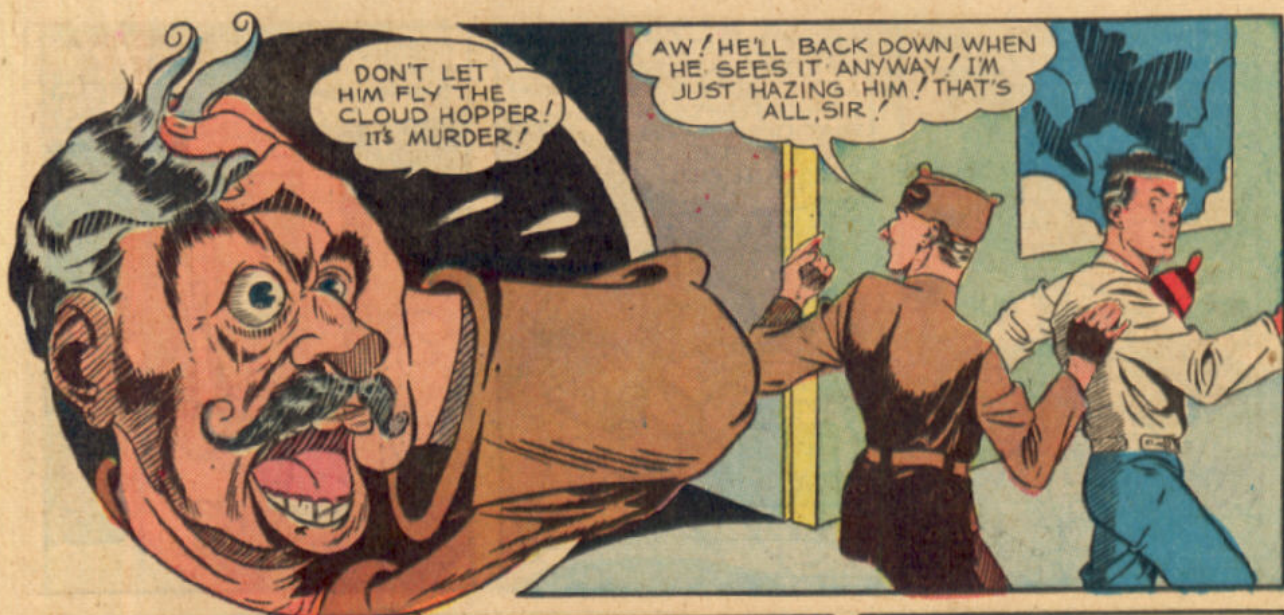
WHY--- I FLEW---

HAH! THEN YOU KNOW HOW TO FLY ALREADY, EH? FINE! WE'LL LET YOU TEST THE CLOUD HOPPER---OUR NEWEST EXPERIMENTAL JOB!

NO NOT THAT!

WHY NOT? HE SAID HE COULD FLY!

?



DON'T LET HIM FLY THE CLOUD HOPPER! IT'S MURDER!

AW! HE'LL BACK DOWN WHEN HE SEES IT ANYWAY! I'M JUST HAZING HIM! THAT'S ALL, SIR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THERE SHE IS-- AFRAID TO FLY HER?

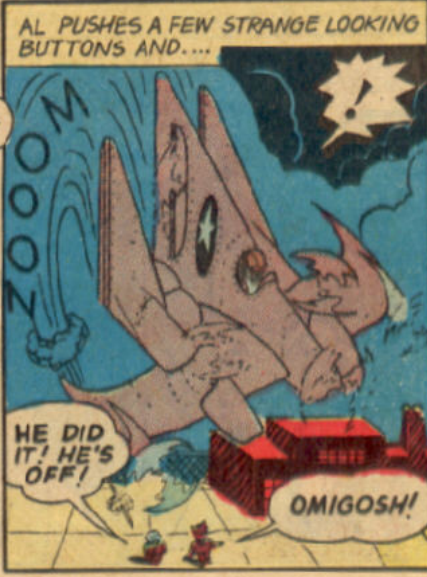
WHO ME--? I'LL FLY ANYTHING WITH WINGS! LET'S GO!



AL CLIMBS IN...

OH OH!... I CAN'T LOOK!

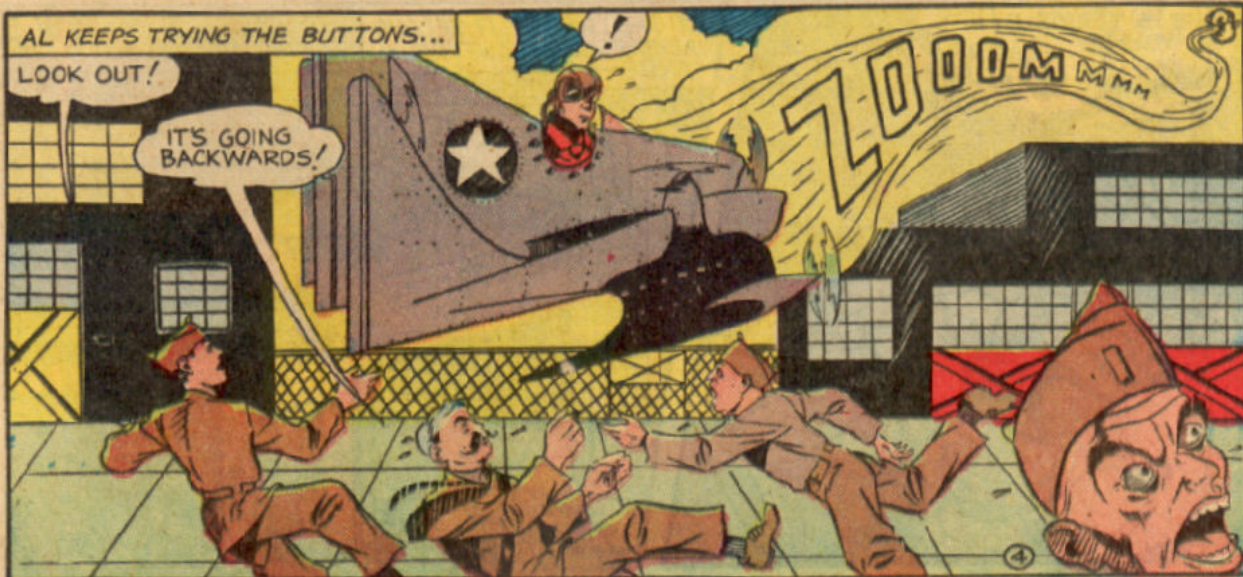
HA! HA! HE'LL GIVE UP YET-- JUST WATCH!



AL PUSHES A FEW STRANGE LOOKING BUTTONS AND....

HE DID IT! HE'S OFF!

OMIGOSH!

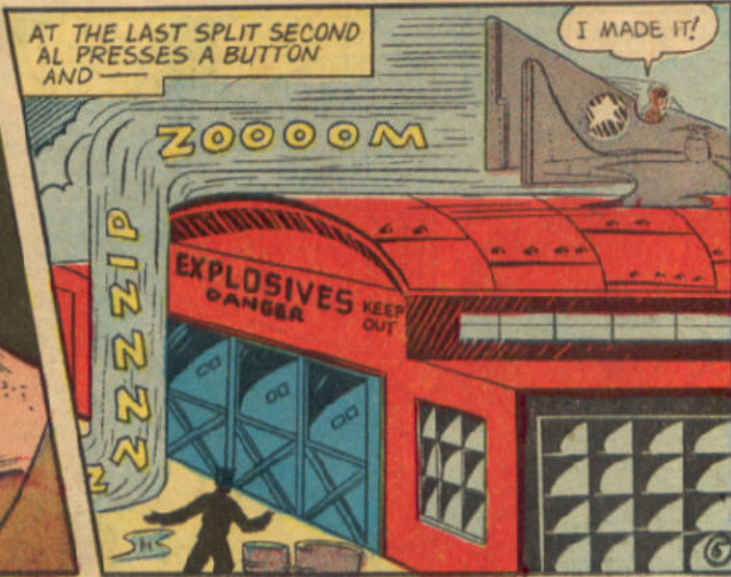
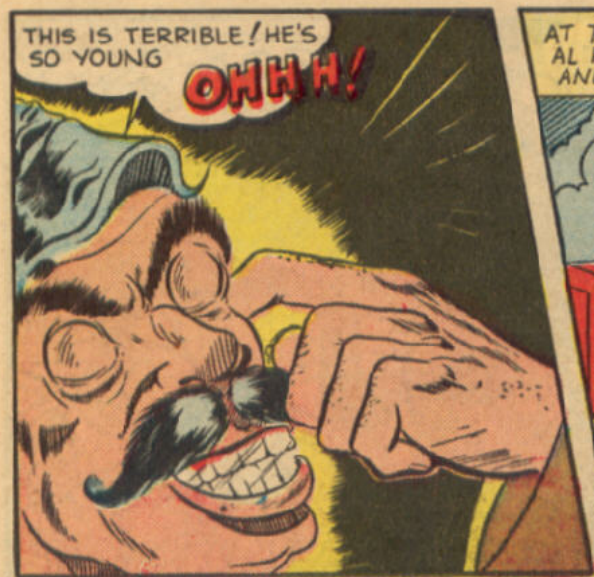
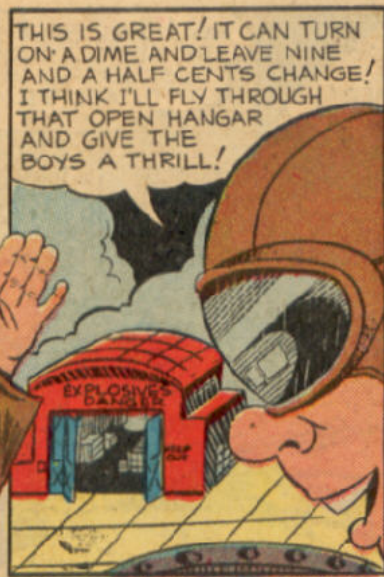


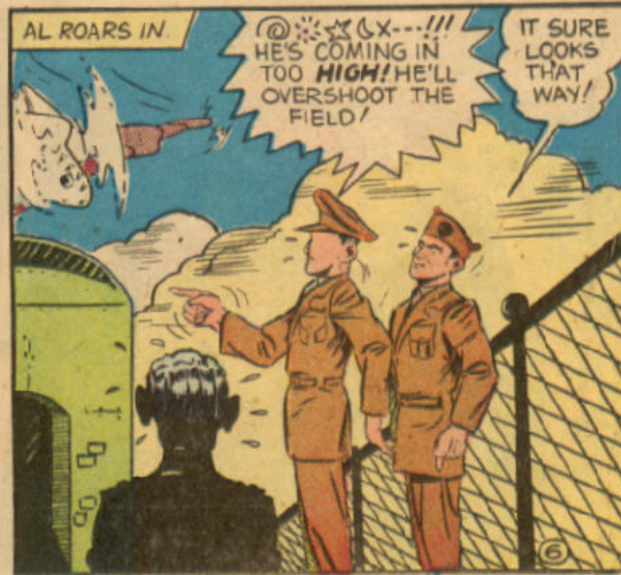
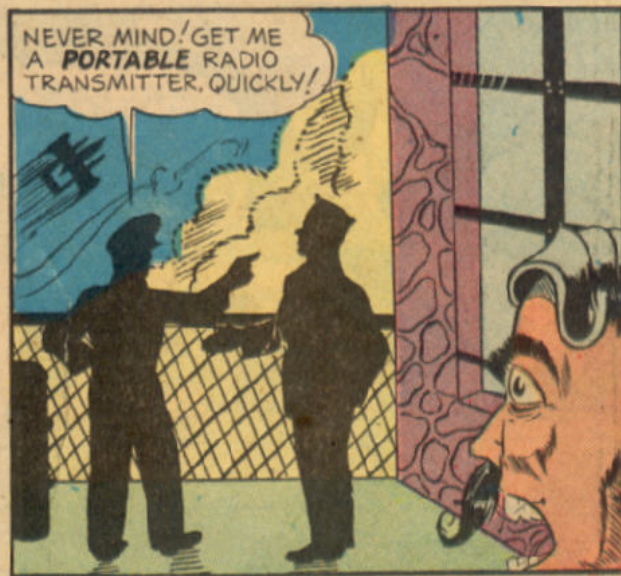
AL KEEPS TRYING THE BUTTONS...

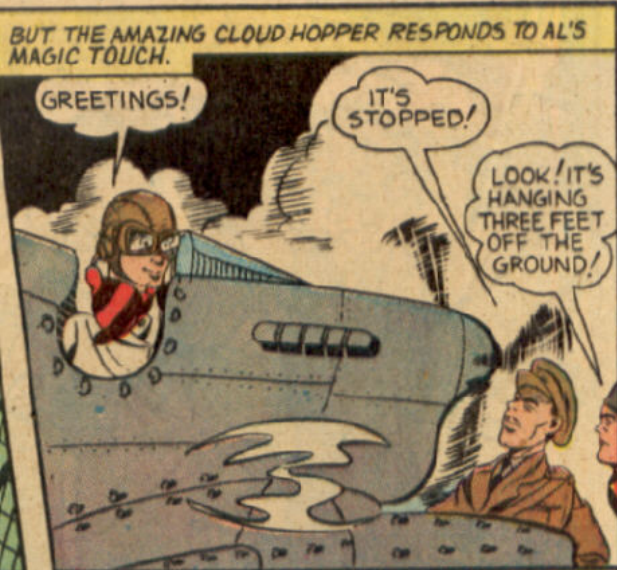
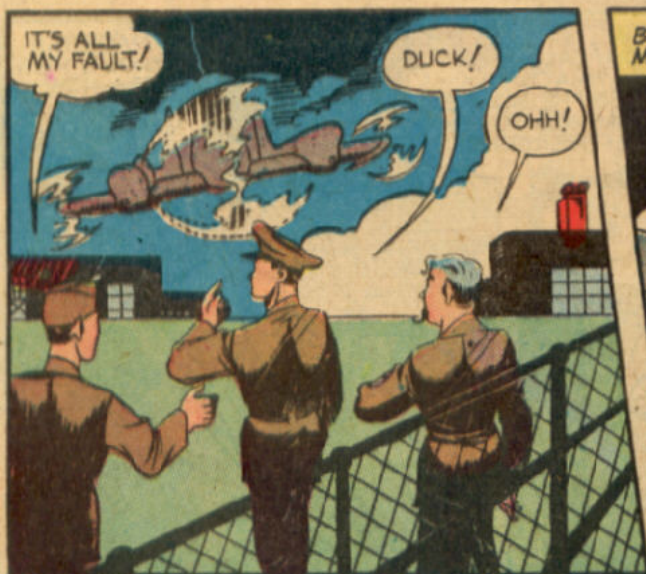
LOOK OUT!

IT'S GOING BACKWARDS!

ZOOOMMMM







SPECK SPOT and SIS..

BY VINCENT

SYNOPSIS

TROUBLE OFTEN REARS ITS UGLY HEAD WHEN BUTCH AND SPEC, OLD ENEMIES, MEET.

ALTHOUGH BUTCH'S ORIGINAL GANG FINALLY WOKE UP AND DECIDED TO HELP WIN THE WAR BY JOINING CAPTAIN SPEC'S VIOTS (VICTORY IS OUR TARGET CLUB), BUTCH HIMSELF DOES NOT TAKE TO HARD WORK LIKE RAISING VICTORY GARDENS OR COLLECTING SCRAP, SO....



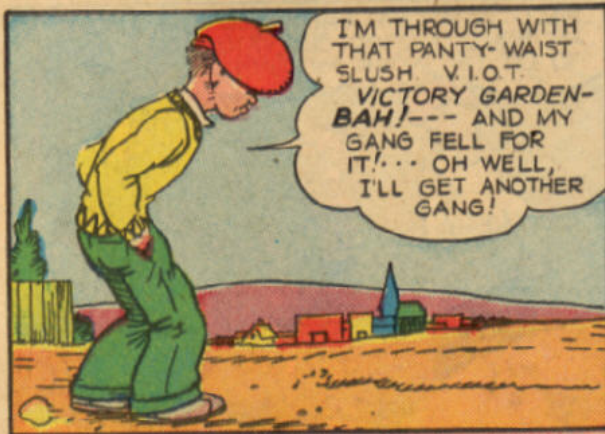
I LET BUTCH OFF TOO EASY. BUT BETTY SAYS IF WE FOUGHT THEM, IT WOULD HAVE MEANT A GANG WAR AND WE **MUST** WORK TOGETHER.



FIGHTING NEVER GETS A COUNTRY NOR INDIVIDUAL ANYWHERE. COOPERATION IS THE BEST WAY TO GET ALONG.



I'LL **GIT** EVEN WITH THAT SISSY SPECK IF IT TAKES ME THE REST OF MY LIFE! **ME** WORK—HUMPH!



I'M THROUGH WITH THAT PANTY-WAIST SLUSH V.I.O.T. **VICTORY GARDEN-BAH!**--- AND MY GANG FELL FOR IT!... OH WELL, I'LL GET ANOTHER GANG!



HM-M-M— I WONDER—

LISTEN, PAL—I'M TOUGH— SEE! IF YOU'VE GOT ANY GUYS YOU DON'T LIKE, JUST POINT 'EM OUT TO ME I'LL FIX 'EM UP GOOD AND PLENTY— I'LL WHAM 'EM DOWN!



IF YOU AIN'T YELLOW AND MEAN WHAT YOU SAY, JOIN UP WITH ME. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE. SMALL FRY

SMALL FRY? WHY, YOU OVERGROWN ALLEY CAT, I'VE A NOTION TO BLAST YOU DOWN!

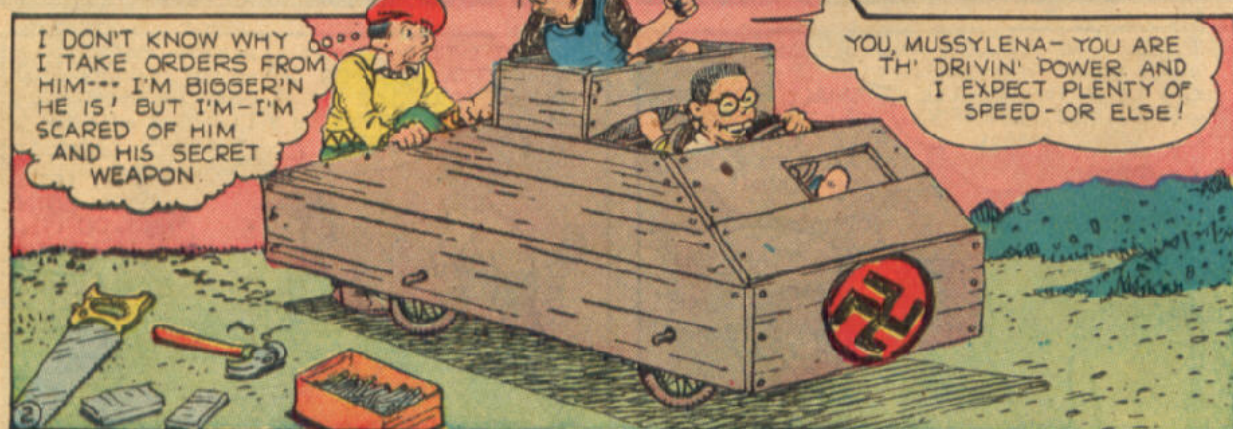
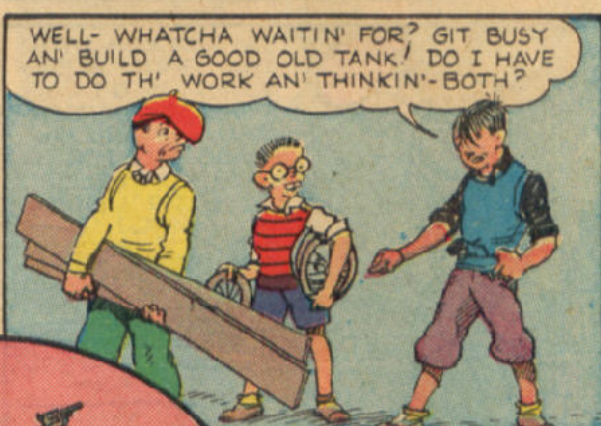
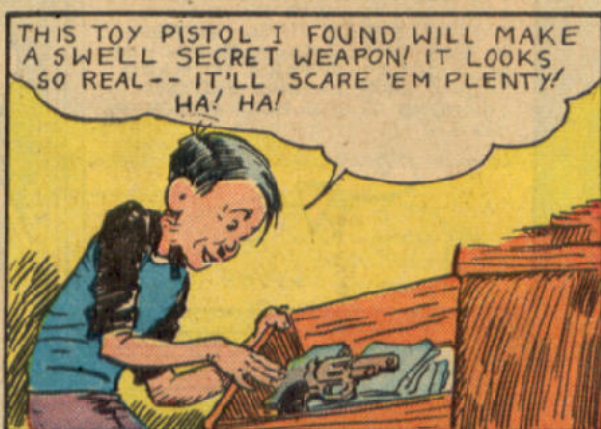
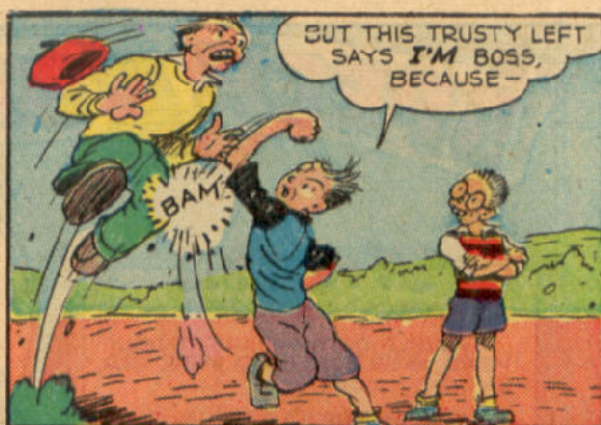
YEAH, YOU BIG PUNK!

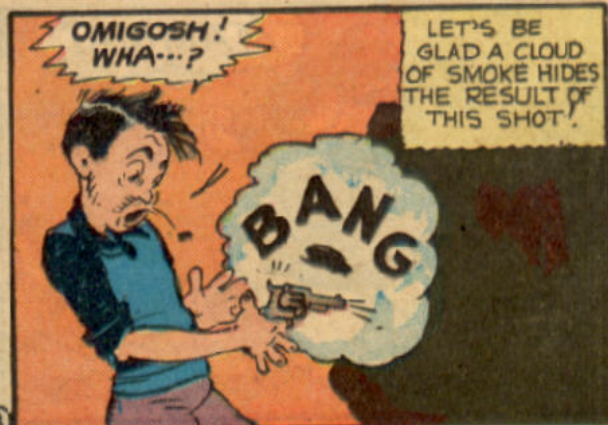
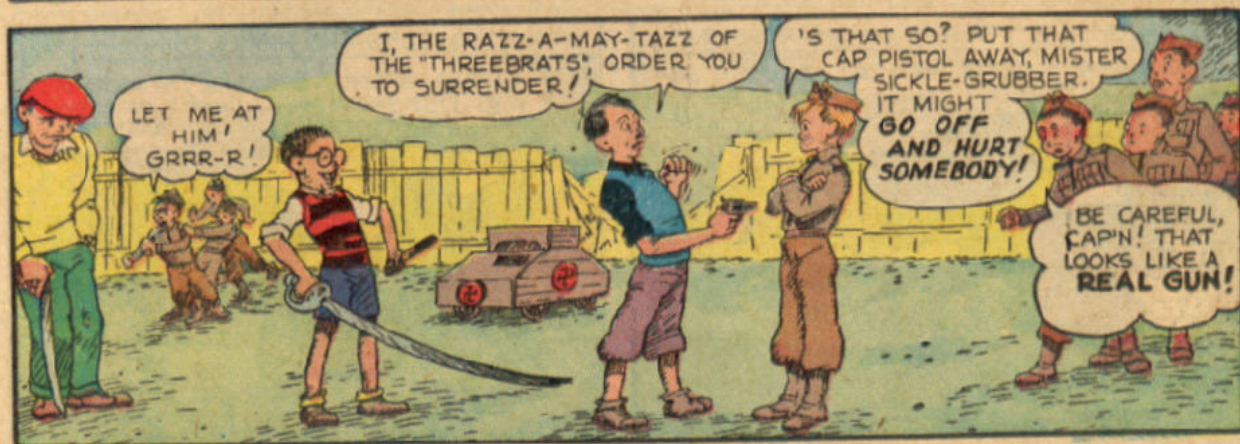
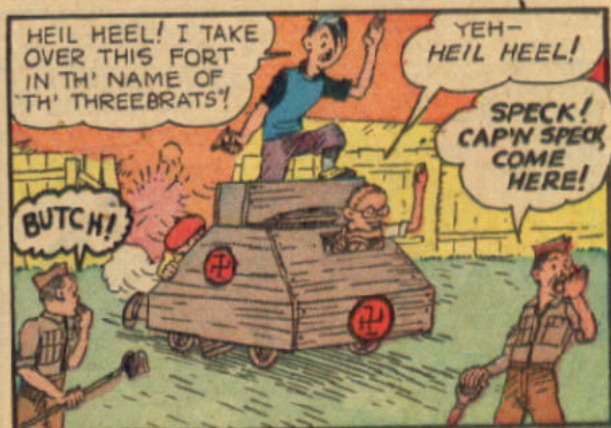
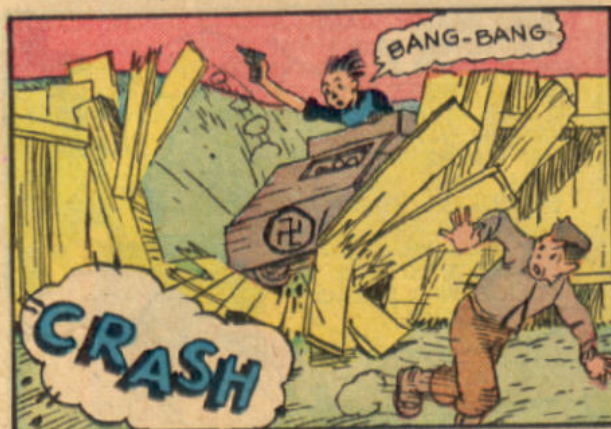
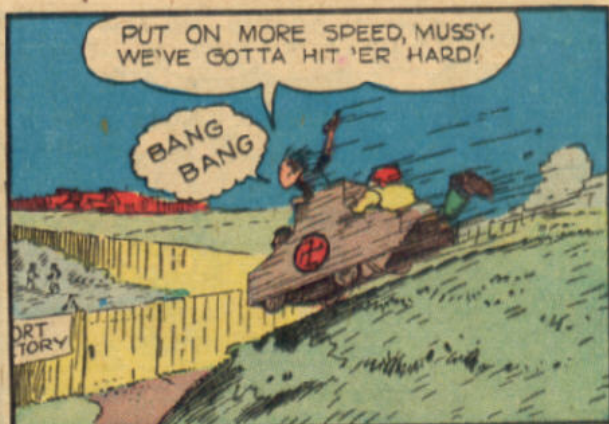
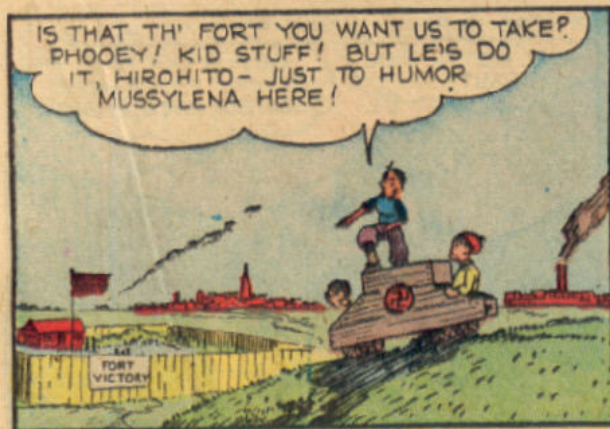


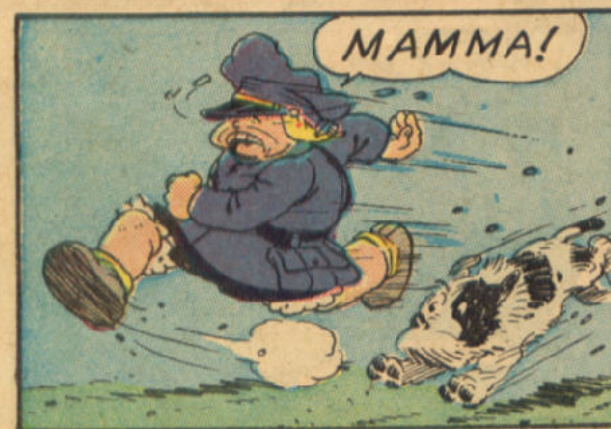
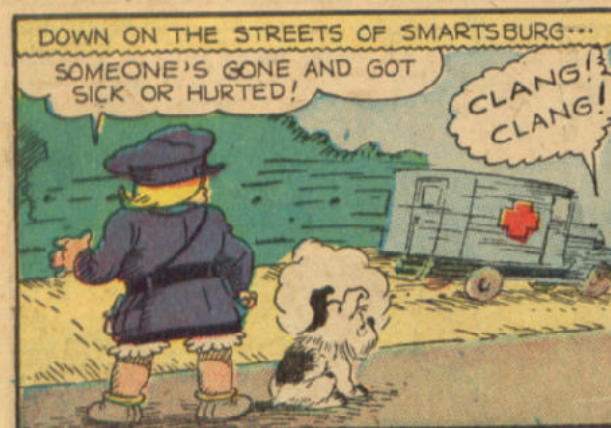
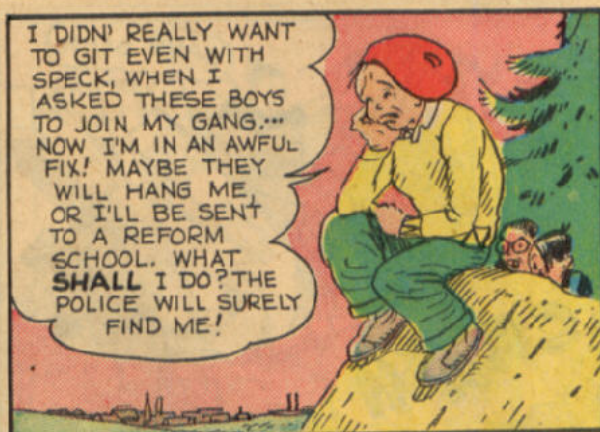
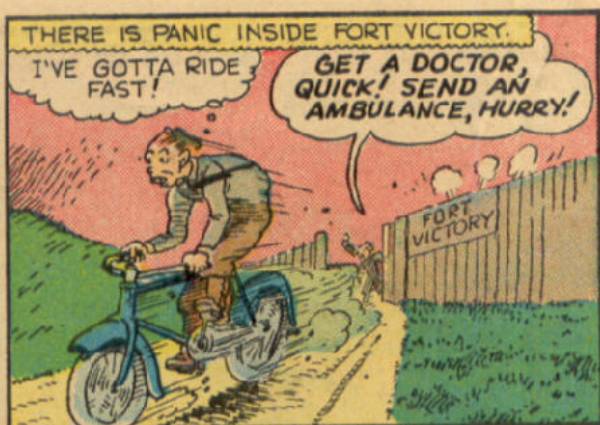
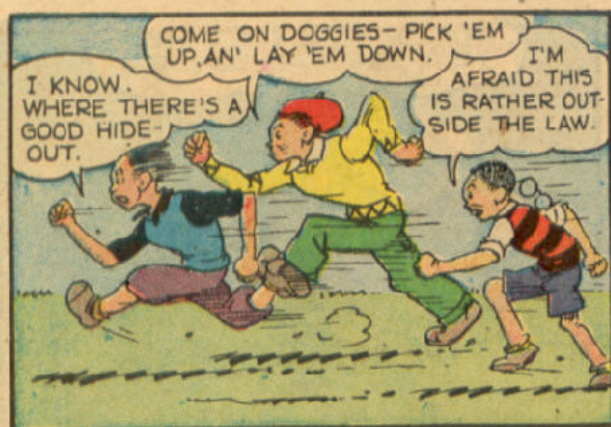
SAVE IT, LITTLE SQUIRT. I'VE GOTTA JOB FOR YOU— IF YOU GOT TH' NERVE FOR IT

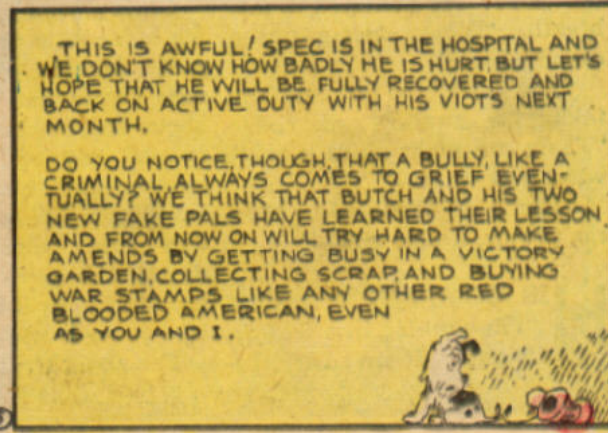
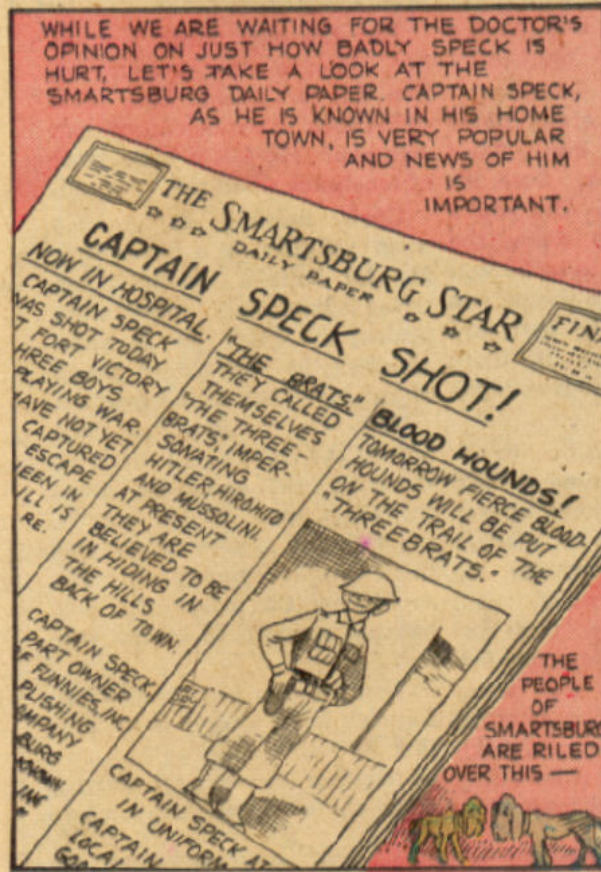
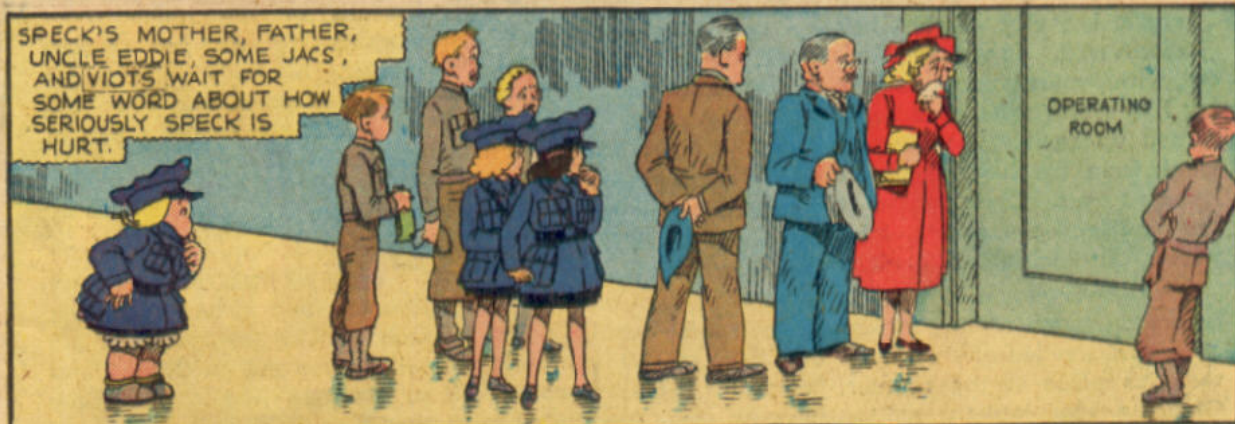
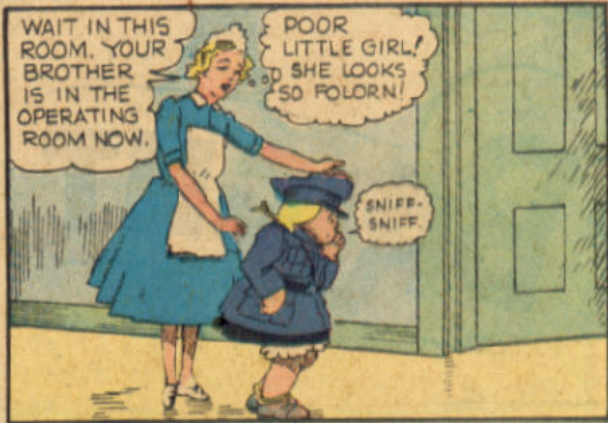
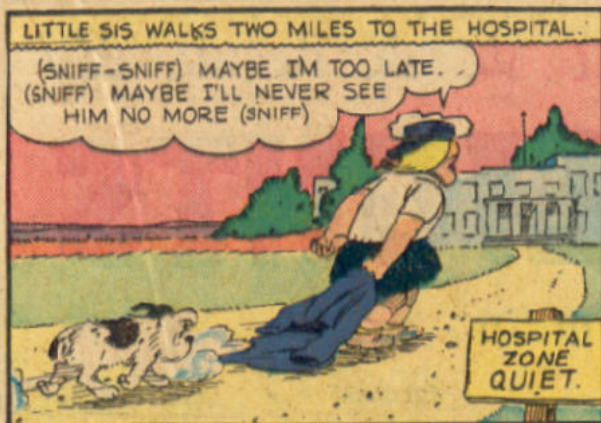
HUMPH—TH' FAT-HEAD! I'LL LET HIM LEAD US TO IT... THEN I'LL GIVE HIM TH' WOIKS.

I'LL LET 'EM BOTH DO IT... THEN—









BRIGHT LIGHTS

IT WASN'T any fun gadding about the city alone, Chris discovered. It was blacked-out, with people coming and going like semi-ghosts, their coats turned up against the blast of wind from the bay, shoulders hunched over. Chris paused at the corner. Something was wrong. It didn't seem . . . alive.

He turned west a-half block, entered a lunch room. It was noisy and smelled of grease. He took his place at the counter. Glancing speculatively at the menu on the board, Chris saw the face of the girl in the mirror. He turned for a close-up, and met a pair of grey eyes looking directly at him.

"What's good?" Chris asked, a little lump of uncertainty in his throat. "Guess I could eat anything—"

"In town on a furlough?" the girl questioned.

Chris nodded. "Yup. Figured I'd have a little fun. Before . . . before the company moves out. I've got four days off. I . . ." He hesitated to take breath. "Where does a guy go around here?"

"The USO," the girl told him, taking a swallow of coffee. "There are night clubs if that's what you want—"

"That's it!" Chris said. "Music, people, a nice girl—"

HIS COMPANION smiled. "I'm working in a factory. Nights. It isn't easy, be-

lieve me. Of course, the money comes in handy but you work for it." She paused and finally admitted, "Plenty of work home, too. That's why I took the night trick, so I'd be off during the day."

"Nobody else home but you?" Chris wanted to know. "Shucks, you can't work all the time. Look at us soldiers. We've got to have some fun. We drill all day, have jobs to do around the camp, this is the first chance I'll have for some fun since I went in. I—we were shipped south. Out into the hills. Boy, what a dump. Closed up tight after nine o'clock—"

"You're in the army now," the girl reminded him. "And I'm in defense work. Sure, it's hard. It is for you. But you're the guys who are doing the fighting and it's up to us here at home to supply the things you need. I wouldn't be here and neither would you, if there wasn't a war. I had an easy job once."

Chris stirred his coffee, thinking meanwhile about what she'd said. He felt a queer uneasiness within him as he thought about the blacked-out city, the people moving through dim streets like ghosts, this girl working nights in a defense factory and helping out home during the day. She sounded proud of it, as if it were a privilege to do it and as if he . . . For about the first time Chris

thought about himself. He felt mellow right now, rich with the warmth of the lunch room working through his clothes, touching his body. The coffee began to warm him from the inside out. He took a bite of the sandwich.

BEING A SOLDIER . . . well, it was an important job. A little tingle of pride asserted itself as he let this fact sink in. Until tonight he hadn't taken time out to think about it. For one thing . . . it was the first time he'd had money and been away from home.

But the city didn't look so hot. People were preoccupied, like this girl beside him. She didn't look like much more than eighteen. He felt a little twist of loneliness when she went out.

Chris finished eating. He wasn't in much of a hurry now. He let himself out into the street buttoning his jacket against the wind. As he walked along he thought of home, of kid-days back in the country.

This was the first year he'd missed the sledding in the hills, the crisp smell across the snow, the sweet smell of bon-fires in the fall, the smoke heavy and thick on the evening air. He could hear the sound of a dog barking somewhere in the valley. . . .

Yes, the city had changed. It couldn't have always been like this, he told himself as he turned another corner and started down the wide dark canyon be-

tween towering buildings. Lights were gone. Even the people were less in number. No one seemed to have time for any joking or talking, and Chris felt as if he were deserted, shut away in a city that was lifeless.

The saloon down the street was blacked-out. When someone went in he caught a glimpse of the bar with men leaning on it, the mellow light spilling out into the slush on the sidewalk. Chris hesitated remembering that he had his money in his pocket, that he'd come to the city with the firm intention of going on a spree, painting the place red. Back home you had fun but it was a different brand. It was kid-fun and he'd been a kid. But now it was different. Now. . .

A soldier was a mighty important person nowadays, but telling himself that didn't seem to encourage enthusiasm within him, certainly not as when the girl had spoken to him. She'd made him actually feel proud.

DOWN NEAR the water front he paused to look out over the Port of Embarkation. Something stirred inside him, uneasiness perhaps. Under cover of black-out lights, screens, behind walls, there was life that never paused but went ceaselessly on, sorting and shipping supplies and men and machinery. Out on the bay he could just make out the dim outlines of freighters, could hear the low rumble of machinery and knew it was the booms and hoists and the goofy little yellow trucks that went scuttling around with trailers tagging behind.

One of these days . . . Chris forced a grin and squared his shoulders. This all meant him, was all tied up with him one way or another. His basic training was over and he was resting for a short period after which . . . well, a lot depended

upon him. Just like the girl had said. He realized that this was all part of him. The city was blacked-out for protection and would stay so until the war was over, and *that*, the end of the war, rested upon his shoulders and the shoulders of the other guys in uniform.

He located the bus office. They told him he'd have a wait, and he stepped out again. He bought a soft leather tobacco pouch and a little sheaf of hankies in a fancy box, in a drug store. He went back to the depot. Within him grew the urge to get away from here. It was depressing and he didn't want to feel depressed. He wanted to go where there was *light*. . .

It was evening of the second day of his furlough when Chris walked along the road. Poplars were naked against the evening sky and the smell from the hills was the same as he remembered it, cool and sharp and tinged with the wet earth and damp leaves and the fields. There weren't any lights except from the occasional farm house but he'd expected that and it pleased him. He quickened his step as he drew near, finally turned into the gate and he broke into a trot up the path to the porch.

It was warm inside and the old familiar smell of home rushed at him, enveloping him as he stood for a brief moment with his back to the door. He walked slowly along the worn carpet to the living room, stepped across the threshold.

"CHRIS!" DAD'S PAPER went in all directions as he came to his feet, his face breaking into little pleased crinkles around eyes and mouth. "Why, son—"

Mom got to Chris first and for a couple of seconds he didn't dare to look up or say anything. She didn't let him see her face and Chris knew why.

"Sit down," Dad ordered gruffly. "Here—boy, you must be cold traveling like this—"

"You might have warned us," Mom protested taking a hand full of sandy hair and shaking him gently.

Chris said, "Wanted to surprise you. I'm back from camp. Got a couple of days off—" He hesitated and decided not to say anything about the city, how dead and lifeless it had been, how people were too busy . . . "Here," Chris said holding out the two packages. "One for each of you. It was all I could get. Saw 'em while I was waiting for the bus—"

Neither of them said anything and for a couple of minutes there was just the sound of paper rustling, the flames in the fire-place crackling. A spark shot out like a miniature sky-rocket, lit on the rug and Chris stretched out his foot to rub it out and it left a black smudge. Mom always hollered. . .

She said then, "I — I'll get something for you to eat. You must be hungry!"

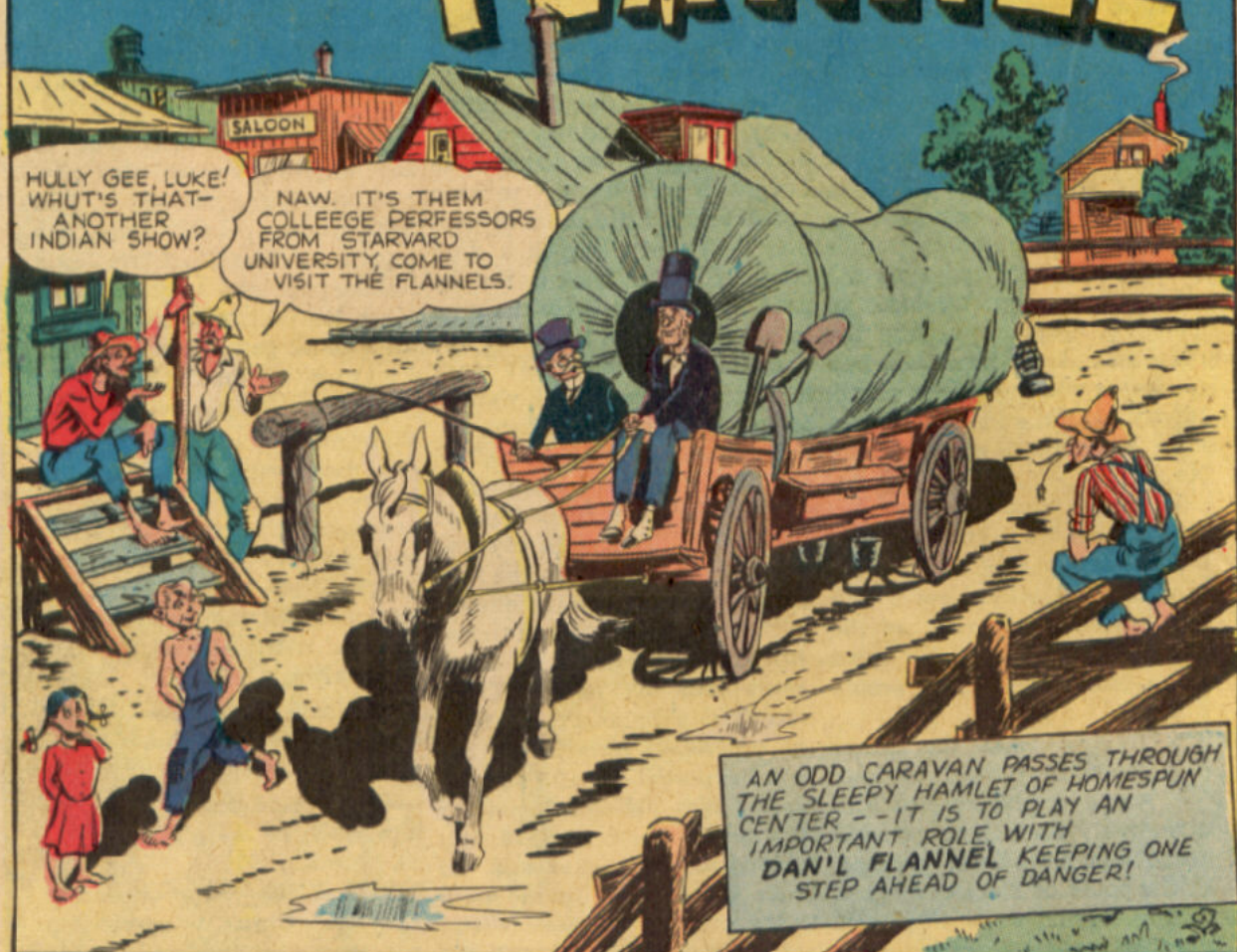
Dad countered, "Ever see him when he wasn't?"

THE FIRE felt good and at last Chris was relaxed, warm and rested inside. He'd have a couple of days here and then . . . back to the big job. The job that had to be done. He didn't mind. In fact, he would be glad to get back and do his share. The sooner it was over. . .

The world was changed. It was blotted out, blacked-out, lifeless and colorless. So it would remain until he came back. He would. And when he did return, he knew where he'd find color and fun and warmth. Home couldn't be blacked out, he'd find light, and everything else, right inside the door.

The End.

DAN'L FLANNEL



HULLY GEE, LUKE!
WHUT'S THAT—
ANOTHER
INDIAN SHOW?

NAW. IT'S THEM
COLLEGE PERFESSORS
FROM STARVARD
UNIVERSITY, COME TO
VISIT THE FLANNELS.

AN ODD CARAVAN PASSES THROUGH
THE SLEEPY HAMLET OF HOMESPUN
CENTER -- IT IS TO PLAY AN
IMPORTANT ROLE WITH
DAN'L FLANNEL KEEPING ONE
STEP AHEAD OF DANGER!

UNCLE DUD AND DAN'L WATCH
THE WAGON COME UP THE
ROAD TO DUD'S CABIN.

DAN'L, WHUT
BE THAT?

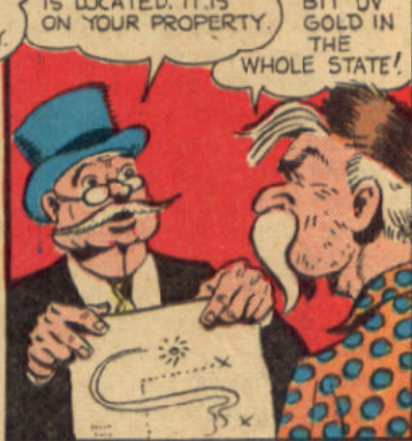
I DON'T RIGHTLY
KNOW, UNCLE DUD.

HI, YA VARMINTS!
GET OFF
OF MAH
PROPERTY!

NOW, NOW, MY
GOOD MAN! LET
US EXPLAIN. I'M
PROFESSOR FIDDLE,
AND THIS IS PROFESSOR
HARP. WE ARE FROM
STARVARD
UNIVERSITY.

IN STUDYING ANCIENT INDIAN
LORE, WE CAME ACROSS
THIS MAP SHOWING
WHERE A FABULOUSLY
RICH GOLD MINE
IS LOCATED. IT IS
ON YOUR PROPERTY.

GOSH!
THERE
AIN'T A
BIT UV
GOLD IN
THE
WHOLE STATE!



LEGEND HAS IT THAT CHIEF RAINCLOUD FOUND THE GOLD AND TRADED IT FOR SUPPLIES. HE MADE HIS BRAVES PROMISE TO BURY HIM AT THE MOUTH OF THE MINE WHEN HE DIED, AND TO KEEP THE SECRET.

DID THEY?

ACCORDING TO LEGEND, YES.

PSHAW! I AIN'T LETTIN' NO ONE TURN UP MAH PROPERTY FER NO DURN STORIES 'BOUT GOLD MINES!

YOU LOOK STRONG AND HEALTHY, SON. IF WE GET YOUR UNCLE'S PERMISSION, WE'LL HIRE YOU TO HELP US FOR A DOLLAR A DAY.

B'AR GREASE! A WHOLE DOLLAR!

AW C'MON, UNCLE DUD! YOU DON'T WANT TO STAND IN THE WAY OF HISTORY! LET THEM DIG- THEN I'LL GET A WHOLE DOLLAR A DAY!

ALL RIGHT, DAN'L- BUT DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!

UNCLE DUD SAYS ALL RIGHT- AN' I'LL WORK FOR YOU.

SPLENDID! WE'LL START AT ONCE.

AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK, DAN'L RETURNS TO HIS UNCLE'S CABIN TO MEET BEULAH BELLE.

DAN'L, I'M SO PROUD OF YOU AND YOUR NEW JOB!

DID UNCLE DUD TELL YOU?

NO GOOD'LL COME OF IT!

SUDDENLY

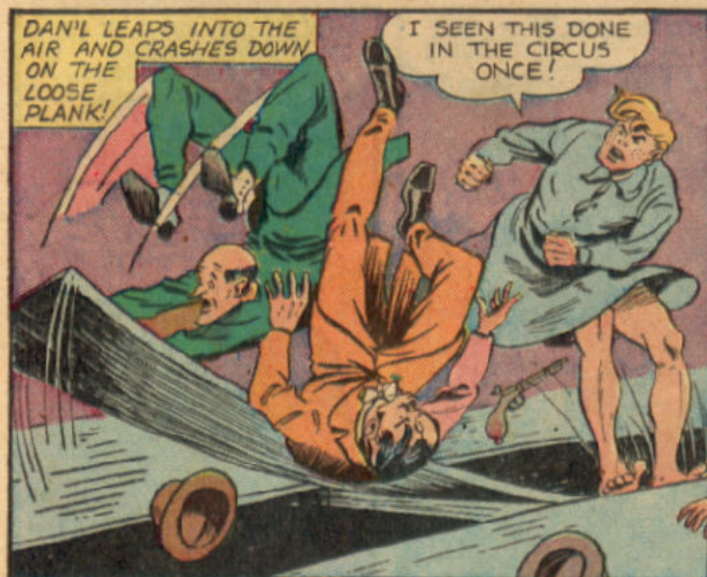
GUN SHOTS!

CAN'T BE A FEUD- ALL THE MURPHY'S AIR DEAD!

THE PERFESSORS, I'LL BET!

BANG BANG



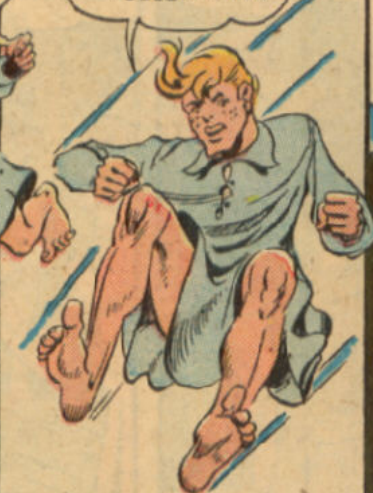


BLINDLY, THE CULPRIT RUNS INTO THE HOLE CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSION

HE RUN INTO TH' HOLE!

SO, I'LL JUST FOLLOW HIM!

OWAH!



OW!

UMPH!



NO- DON'T HIT ME!

THE PROFESSORS COME UP...
LOOK!

ON THE GROUND



GOLD! OH JOY! IT BE THE MINE - RIGHT UNDER UNCLE DUD'S CABIN!

?



YES! THAT'S WHY THE CROOKS TRIED TO BLAST YOU OUT. WE'LL TIE THEM UP AND START DIGGING!

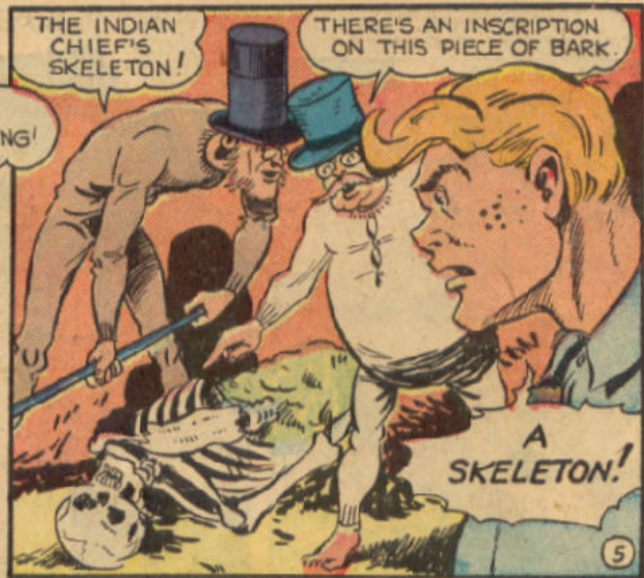
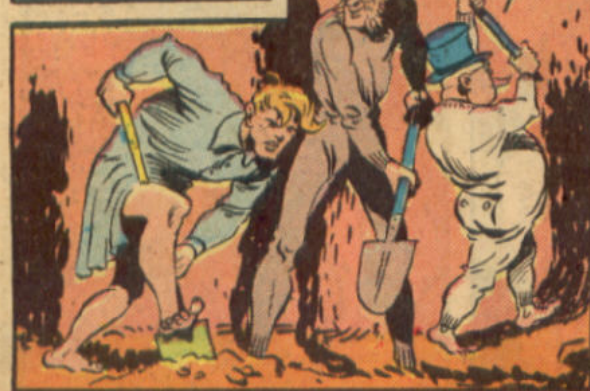


YOUR UNCLE IS GUARDING THE CROOKS

I'VE STRUCK SOMETHING!

THE INDIAN CHIEF'S SKELETON!

THERE'S AN INSCRIPTION ON THIS PIECE OF BARK.



A SKELETON!

THE PROFESSORS DECIPHER
THE NOTE.

MY WORD!

MY
GRIEF!

WHUT'S
IT
SAY?

HORRORS! IT SAYS: "HE WHO
MOLESTS MY GRAVE WILL DIE
A HORRIBLE DEATH! THERE
WILL NEVER BE ANY PEACE
NOR JOY FOR HIM—NOR
MAY THE GOLD BE SPENT.
THIS IS MY CURSE!"

CHIEF RAIN CLOUD.

HURRY—
COVER
HIM
UP!

WE'LL SEAL THIS
GRAVE AND THE
GOLD MINE. WE
CAN'T GO AROUND
DIGGING UP
CURSES!

THAT'S
TERRIBLE!

OOH!

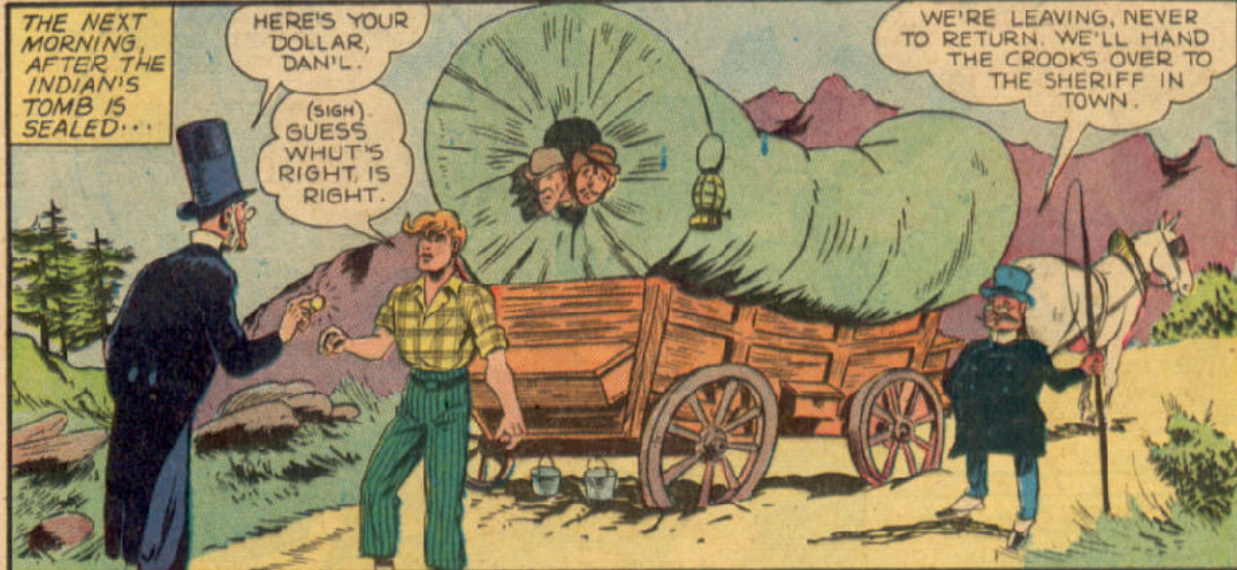


THE NEXT
MORNING,
AFTER THE
INDIAN'S
TOMB IS
SEALED...

HERE'S YOUR
DOLLAR,
DAN'L.

(SIGH)
GUESS
WHUT'S
RIGHT,
IS RIGHT.

WE'RE LEAVING, NEVER
TO RETURN. WE'LL HAND
THE CROOKS OVER TO
THE SHERIFF IN
TOWN.



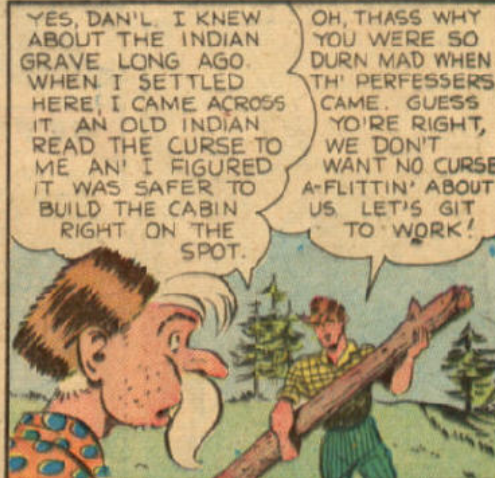
LOOK, UNCLE
DUD—AH GOT
PAID OFF!

NEVER MIND THE
SHENANIGANS,
DAN'L! WE'VE
GOT YUK TO DO.
GOTTA BUILD A
NEW CABIN—
RIGHT OVER
THE SAME
SPOT.

HUH? RIGHT
OVER THE
GRAVE?

YES, DAN'L. I KNEW
ABOUT THE INDIAN
GRAVE LONG AGO.
WHEN I SETTLED
HERE, I CAME ACROSS
IT. AN OLD INDIAN
READ THE CURSE TO
ME AN' I FIGURED
IT WAS SAFER TO
BUILD THE CABIN
RIGHT ON THE
SPOT.

OH, THASS WHY
YOU WERE SO
DURN MAD WHEN
TH' PERFESSERS
CAME. GUESS
YO'RE RIGHT,
WE DON'T
WANT NO CURSE
A-FLITTIN' ABOUT
US. LET'S GIT
TO WORK!



DAN'L FLANNEL AND HIS UNCLE DUD WILL
BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
TARGET WITH A RIP-ROARING TALE.

THE TARGET

and
the

TARGETEERS



A PAINTING,
BEAUTIFUL AND
APPEALING-YET HOLDING
THE KEY WHICH OPENS
THE DOOR TO THE
MOST COMPLICATED STORY OF
MURDER AND MYSTERY
THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS
HAVE ENCOUNTERED
IN
**THE CASE OF
THE AUCTIONED
CLUE!**



HOME TOGETHER ON LEAVE,
NILES REED, THE TARGET,
WITH FOSTER AND TOMMY
BROWN, THE TARGETEERS,
CELEBRATE THEIR REUNION.

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE
BACK IN THE "BIG TOWN",
FELLOWS?

SWELL, NILES!
EH, DAVE?

YOU
BET!

METRO ART SALES CO.

OH, LOOK! - A
MINIATURE
PAINTING! I
ALWAYS WANTED
ONE TO HANG IN
MY BUNK

OH-OH! TOMMY'S
GONE 'MICHELANGELO
ON US!

PERHAPS
THE NAVY TAUGHT
HIM ART
APPRECIATION!

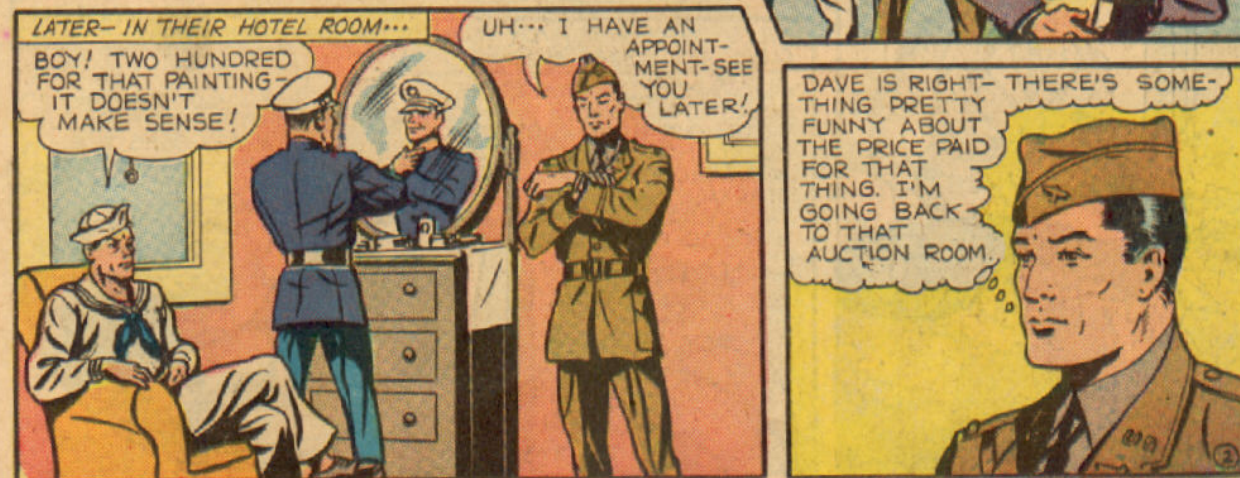
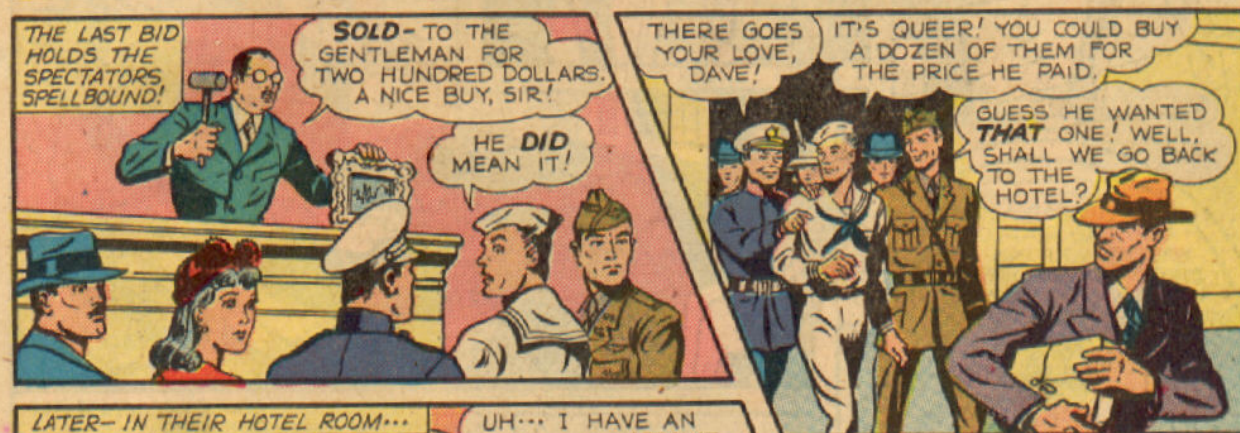
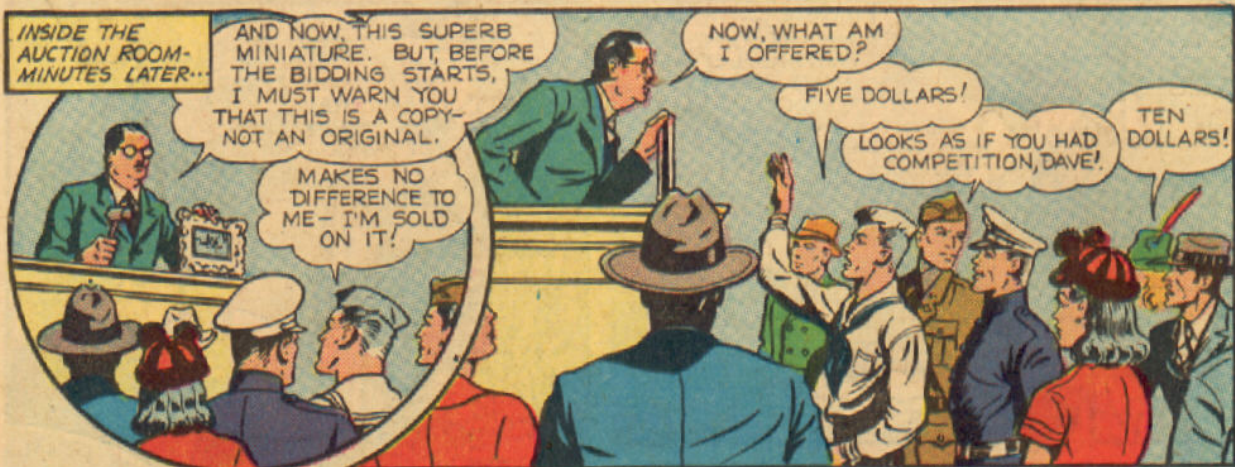
**AUCTION
TODAY**

AW, CUT THE KIDDING
I WANT THAT
PAINTING!

SAY, NILES,
MAYBE
HE'S SICK!

WE'LL
HUMOR
HIM...
WE'VE
PLENTY
OF TIME.





IN A SHORT TIME, NILES IS QUESTIONING THE AUCTIONEER.

WHY, NO- THE MAN WHO BOUGHT THE PAINTING LEFT NO NAME. HE PAID CASH!

I SEE... WELL, WHOM DID YOU SELL THE PAINTING FOR?



THANK YOU.

HERE- IT'S IN MY BOOK...A MR. RINALDI. HE OWNS A SMALL ART STORE AT 11 VALE STREET.



THIS MUST BE IT... SHABBY LITTLE PLACE.

SEEMS TO BE DESERTED. MM-THE OFFICE DOOR IS OPEN.

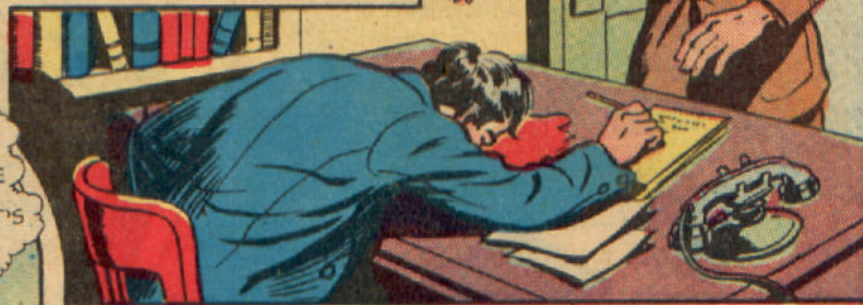


NILES ENTERS, TO SEE...

GOOD HEAVENS!



HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT! MUST BE RINALDI WHAT WAS HE WRITING WHEN HE DIED?... "RED WENTON WAREHOUSE" GUESS THAT'S MY NEXT STOP!



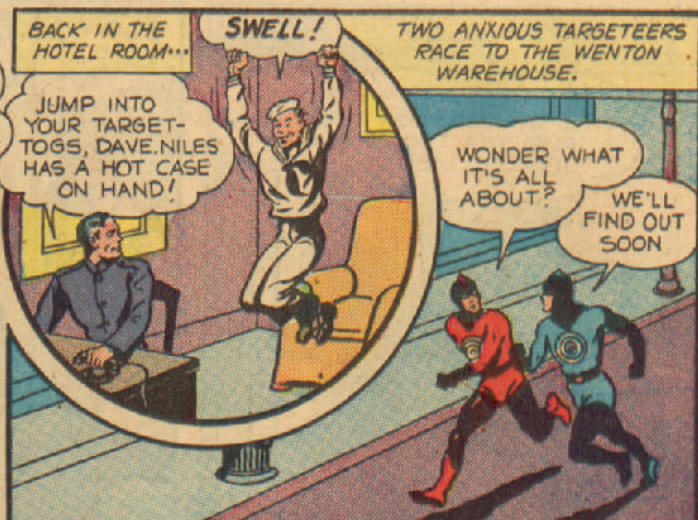
NILES LOOKS ABOUT FOR MORE CLUES AND MAKES ANOTHER FIND!

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS IN THE DESK. "DAN RINALDI, NOTORIOUS BANK ROBBER, KILLED! HIS TWO ACCOMPLICES, RED MALONEY AND SCARFACE MCCOY, ESCAPE" THIS CLIPPING DATES BACK TO LAST YEAR.

NILES REACHES FOR THE PHONE...

I GET IT! DAN RINALDI WAS THIS GUY'S BROTHER! BUT, WHERE DOES THE PAINTING TIE IN? AND WHY? THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD CASE FOR THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS!





NILES REACHES THE FOURTH FLOOR
AND SEES...

NO! YA DON'T GIT THE PAINTIN'
TILL YA FORK OVER THE GRAND,
PLUS THE TWO CENTURIES
IT COST ME!

OH-OH!

BE REASONABLE, MARTY.
WE'LL GIVE YA THE DOUGH
SOON AS WE GET THE
PITCHER.

YEAH- AND A
GRAND TO BOOT
IF YOU'LL DROP
THAT GAT!

HOWEVER...

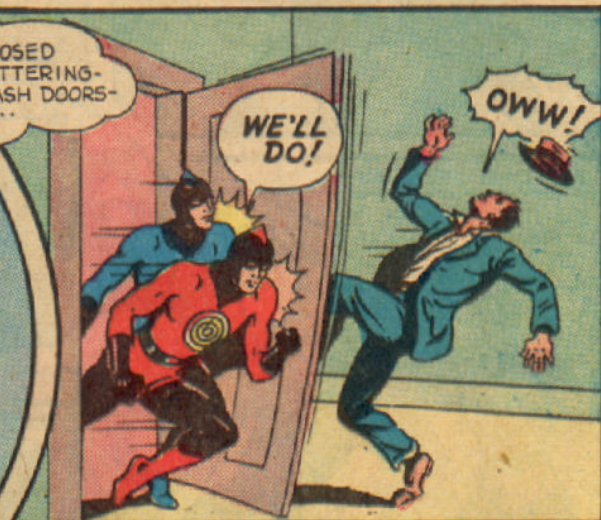
NO SHOOTING
WHILE I'M AROUND
BUD!

NOW, LET'S HAVE
SOME SORT OF
EXPLANATION
FROM ONE
OF YOU!

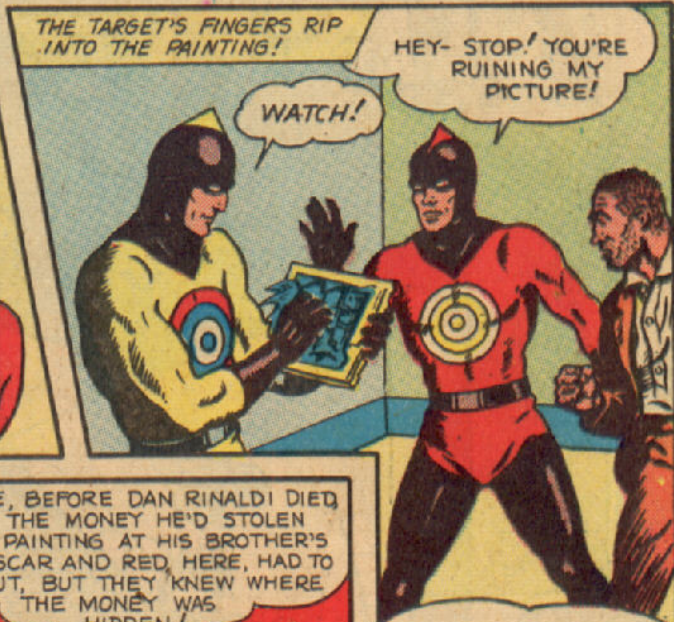
GET THE
GUN! I'VE GOT
TH' PAINTIN'!

ALL RIGHT, BOY SCOUT! YOU'VE
DONE YOUR GOOD DEED FOR
THE DAY. DON'T TRY TO
FOLLOW US 'AN' WE'LL
CALL IT QUITS!

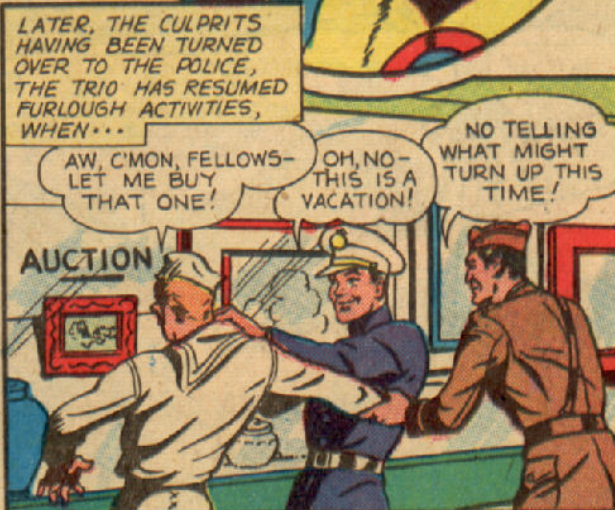
OKAY-
YOU'VE
GOT THE
DROP!







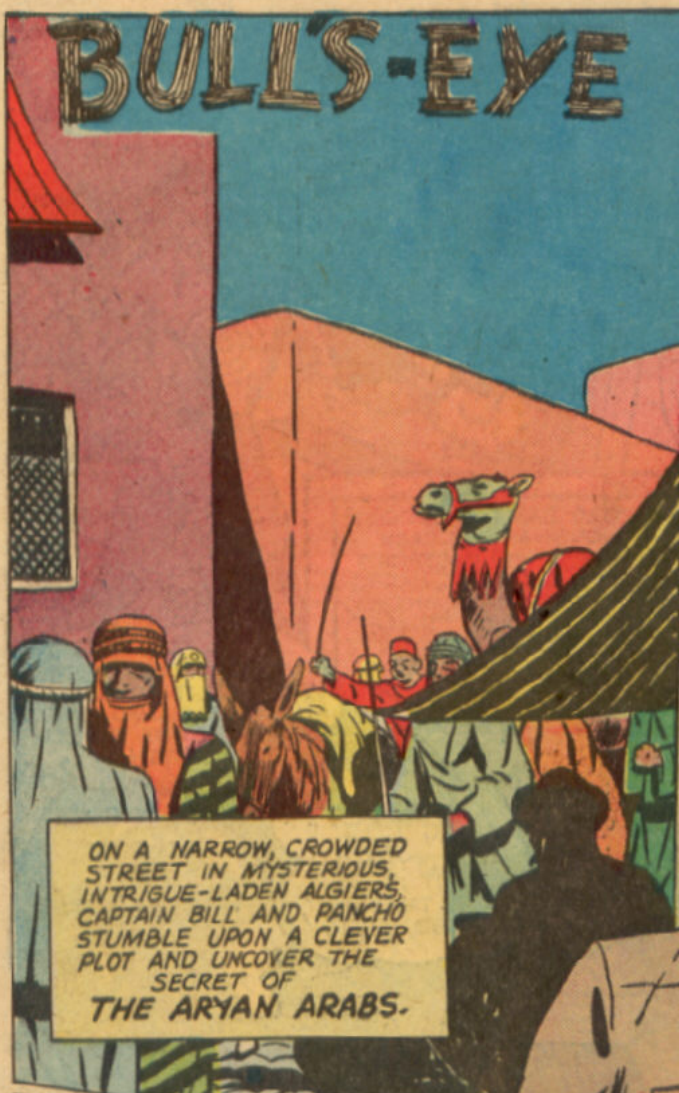
YOU SEE, BEFORE DAN RINALDI DIED, HE HID THE MONEY HE'D STOLEN IN THIS PAINTING AT HIS BROTHER'S SHOP. SCAR AND RED, HERE, HAD TO HIDE OUT, BUT THEY KNEW WHERE THE MONEY WAS HIDDEN!



THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE.

BULL'S-EYE

BILL



ON A NARROW, CROWDED STREET IN MYSTERIOUS, INTRIGUE-LADEN ALGIERS, CAPTAIN BILL AND PANCHÓ STUMBLE UPON A CLEVER PLOT AND UNCOVER THE SECRET OF THE ARYAN ARABS.

SAY, PANCHÓ... LOOK AT THOSE FOUR ARABS HUDDLED TOGETHER. I'LL BET THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING!

WE FIND OUT!— IF WE STAND BY THAT VENDOR, THEY WON'T KNOW WE LISTEN!



JA! JA!

SOME ARAB!

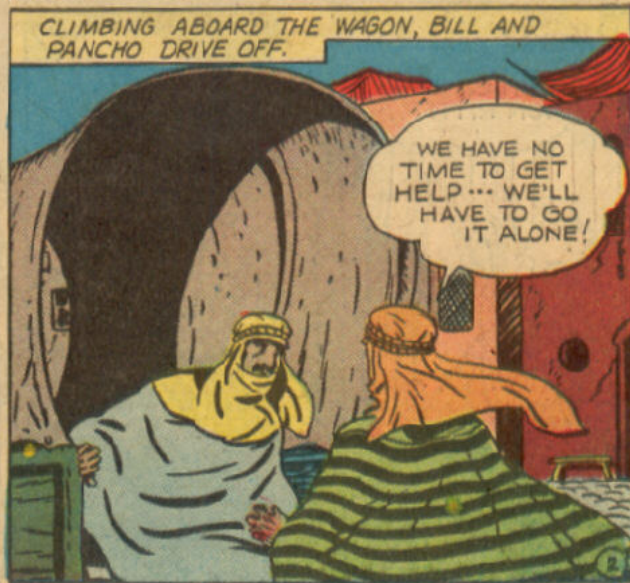
FUNNY FOR AN ARAB TO SPEAK GERMAN! THEY ARE LEAVING NOW.



COME ON, PANCHÓ... WE'LL FOLLOW THAT GUY!

STAY CLOSE TO WALL.





THE LITTLE WAGON SLOWLY ROLLS INTO THE HILLS AND TURNS INTO A NARROW PASS.



THIS LOOKS LIKE A CAMP OF SOME SORT... WELL, HERE WE GO!



YOUR TENT IS THIS WAY.

HEIL!

HEIL!

JA!



PS-SST, PANCHO! THEY TAKE US FOR THE BIG SHOTS! MAYBE WE CAN FOOL FOR A WHILE LONGER.

THESE ARABS ALL MADE IN GERMANY!



BILL AND PANCHO ARE LEFT ALONE IN THE TENT.

WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT THESE BARBARIANS ARE UP TO.

HERE COMES ONE NOW!

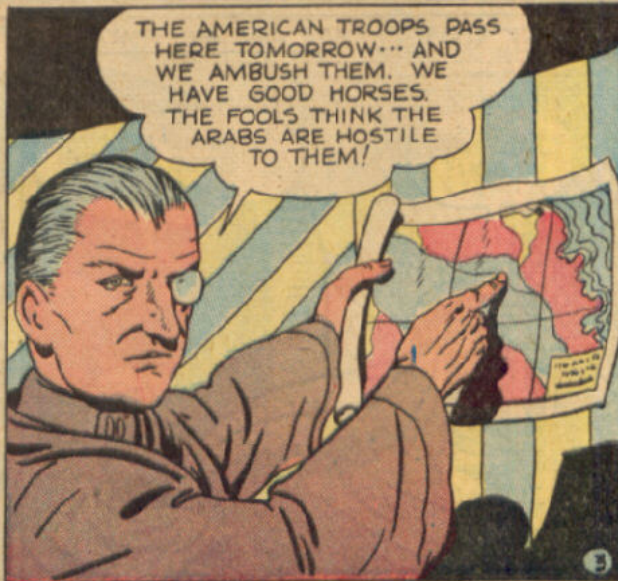


HEIL! PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF—KAPITAN KARL VON RITTER.

HEIL!



THE AMERICAN TROOPS PASS HERE TOMORROW... AND WE AMBUSH THEM. WE HAVE GOOD HORSES. THE FOOLS THINK THE ARABS ARE HOSTILE TO THEM!



I HAVE INFORMATION FOR YOU, KAPITAN. THE AMERICANS HAVE CHANGED THEIR PLANS.... THEY PASS HERE THE FOLLOWING DAY.

VERY WELL. WHICH DAY DOESN'T MATTER! GOOD DAY.

ALONE AGAIN, PANTHO TURNS TO BILL...

BUT, YOU **KNOW** THAT OUR TROOPS-
OUR OWN OUTFIT-
IS DUE HERE TOMORROW!

THAT'S JUST IT! THE NAZIS WON'T EXPECT THEM NOW! OUR OUTFIT WILL FIND THEM AND DO THE AMBUSHING!

SUDDENLY, THE TENT FLAP IS FLUNG ASIDE...

THERE THEY ARE! **SIEZE THEM!**

OH-OH! THE JIG'S UP!

AMERIKANICHE SOLDATEN!

IT ALMOST WORKED!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

WE GO NOW TO AMBUSH YOUR TROOPS THE GUARDS WILL WATCH YOU CLOSELY... IN CASE YOU GET ANY MORE IDEAS!

THERE THEY GO- AND WE ARE STUCK HERE!

NOT MUCH WE CAN DO!

AS BILL AND PANTHO STARE DESPAIRINGLY AT THE FIRE...



HEY, YOU! THE FIRE'S DYING OUT- GET IT STARTED AGAIN!



OKAY! COME ON, PANCHO- TAKE ONE END OF THAT BLANKET OVER THERE.

BLANKET!
WHA... OH!!!
I SEE! WE FIX FIRE, ALL RIGHT!

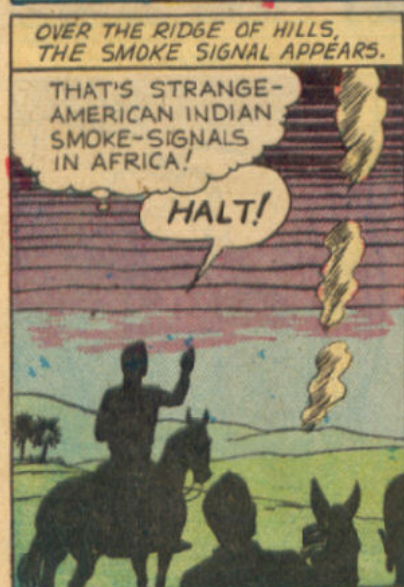


HO-HO! SEE-SEE HANS! I TOLD YOU THESE AMERICANS WERE CRAZY! SEE HOW THEY FIX A FIRE!

LUCKY THESE NAZIS NEVER HEARD OF INDIAN SMOKE SIGNALS! AND MY POCKET MIRROR WILL FLASH A HELIOGRAPH MESSAGE WHEN THE GUARDS TURN THEIR BACKS!



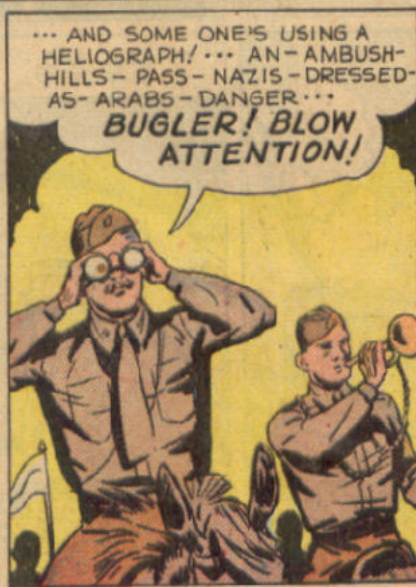
AS PANCHO SENDS UP THE SMOKE SIGNAL, BILL FLASHES A MESSAGE TO THEIR BUDDIES RIDING TOWARD THEM, IN THE HILLS.



OVER THE RIDGE OF HILLS, THE SMOKE SIGNAL APPEARS.

THAT'S STRANGE- AMERICAN INDIAN SMOKE-SIGNALS IN AFRICA!

HALT!



... AND SOME ONE'S USING A HELIOGRAPH! ... AN- AMBUSH- HILLS- PASS- NAZIS- DRESSED- AS- ARABS- DANGER ...

BUGLER! BLOW ATTENTION!

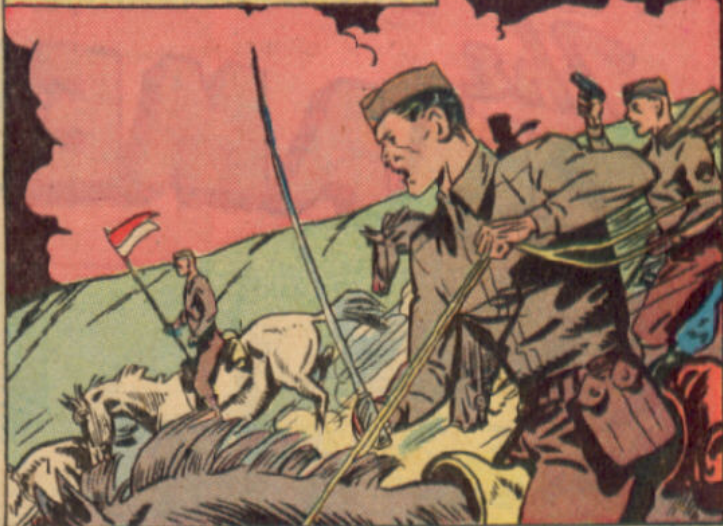


THEY MUST BE WAITING FOR US BY THE PASS. WE'LL CIRCLE AROUND AND COME IN FROM BEHIND!

AS THE UNITED STATES TROOPS REACH THE RIDGE, THEY DISCOVER THE DISGUISED NAZIS BELOW THEM.

THERE THEY ARE!
BUGLER—BLOW
THE CHARGE!

DOWN THE HILL... INTO THE MIDST OF THE SURPRISED NAZIS... CHARGE THE YANKS!



WITH THE SHOE ON THE OTHER FOOT, THE NAZIS ARE CAUGHT IN THE YANKS' AMBUSH!



YEEOW!
ARE WE GLAD
TO SEE YOU!

HANS!
AMERIKAN-
UH-H!

THE BATTLE ENDS... THE NAZIS
ARE DONE IN... BILL AND PANCHO
REJOIN THEIR OUTFIT.

THOSE SMOKE SIGNALS
STOPPED US JUST IN
TIME, BILL—AND YOUR
MESSAGE SAVED US!

MAYBE
THOSE
NAZIS WILL
LEARN IT'S
NOT SO EASY
TO TRICK AN
AMERICAN!

THE AXIS IS
FINDING IT MORE
DIFFICULT EVERY
DAY TO TRICK
THE AMERICANS—
PARTICULARLY
SINCE WE ARE
ALL PITCHING IN
TO BUY
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS!

CAPTAIN BILL
WILL TELL A
NEW TALE
OF ADVENTURE
IN AFRICA
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
TARGET!



PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The CHAMELEON



WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE'S PETE? WHY—HERE'S A LETTER, ADDRESSED TO ME!



Dear Raggy:
I can't tell you where I'm going, for I don't really know, myself. But this much I can tell—The Chameleon has joined the fight for Freedom! He's gone to fight the way he knows best—alone—in the midst of the enemy.
So long, until Victory!
Pete Stockbridge

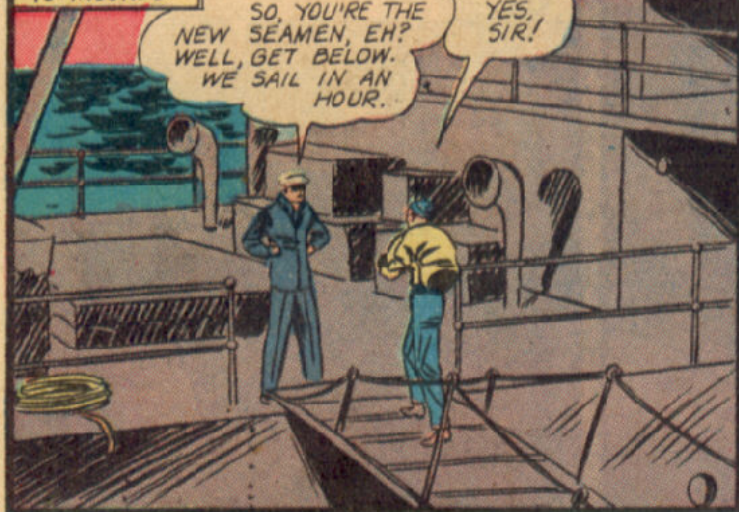
GOOD LUCK, PETE!

AND SO WE FOLLOW THE CHAMELEON INTO NEW HARD-HITTING ADVENTURES AS HE ENTERS THE BATTLE FOR LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS!

AT AN EAST COAST PORT, WHERE A RUSTY OLD FREIGHTER IS MOORED.

SO, YOU'RE THE NEW SEAMEN, EH? WELL, GET BELOW. WE SAIL IN AN HOUR.

YES, SIR!



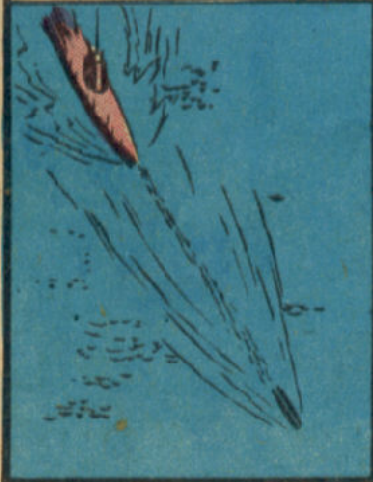
IN THE GLOOM OF THE NIGHT, THE GRAY SHIP GLIDES OUT OF THE HARBOR.

I'LL BE SEEING YOU, LADY!

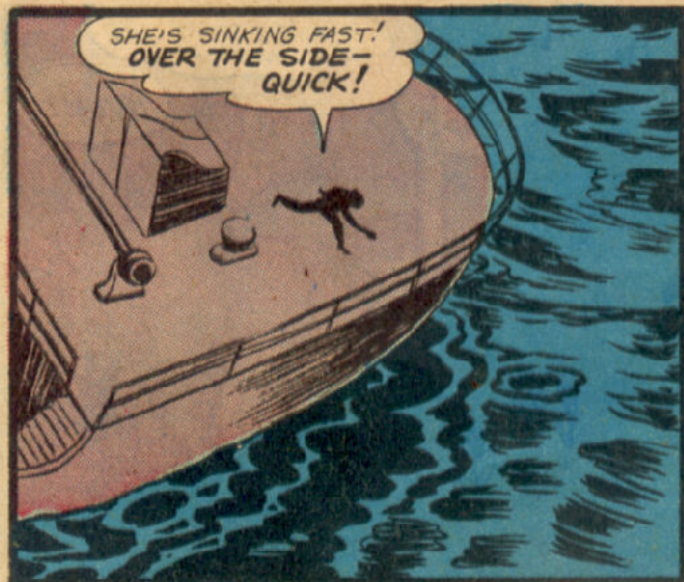


THE SHIP SLOWLY PLOWS ACROSS THE STORMY ATLANTIC UNTIL, ONE NIGHT, NEAR THE COAST OF SPAIN...

... A DEADLY, MAN-MADE MONSTER OF THE DEEP DARTS FORWARD!



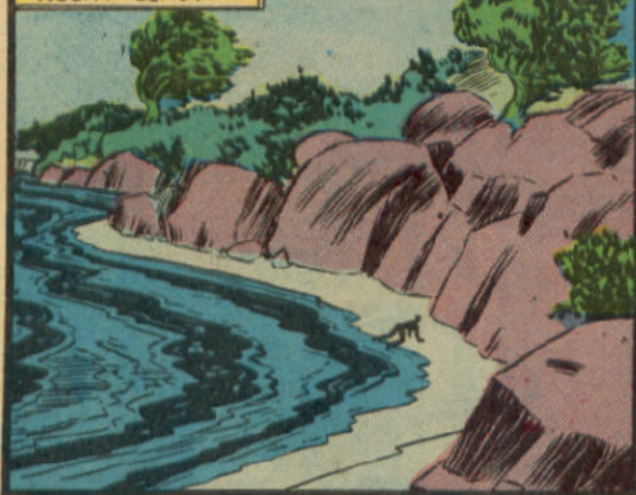
SHE'S SINKING FAST! OVER THE SIDE—QUICK!



THERE'S A SPAR I CAN HANG ONTO!



AFTER HOURS OF DRIFTING IN THE ICY SEA, THE CHAMELEON IS WASHED ASHORE ON A ROCKY COAST.



I'D BEST HEAD INLAND. WONDER WHERE I AM?



SUDDENLY, THE CHAMELEON COMES UPON A STRANGE SCENE...



WHAT'S THIS?

HA! DER GESTAPO NEFER FAILS! VE HAFF FINALLY CAPTURED HER!

JA! DER BRILLIANT AGENT OF DER UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT! VOT GLORY VILL BE OURS!

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!



NOT SO FAST!

VOT? STOP! NEIN!

VOT IST?

YOU SOUND LIKE A COUPLE OF NAZIS TO ME...

HIMMEL! WHO ISS?



...AND I DON'T LIKE NAZIS!

UUUH!





I'LL HAVE YOU UNTIED IN A JIFFY. IS IT TRUE THAT YOU ARE AN IMPORTANT AGENT IN THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT?



THAT'S RIGHT. MY HOME WAS IN HOLLAND.



THERE! YOU'RE FREE!... I'M THE CHAMELEON. CAN I HELP YOU?

THE CHAMELEON! I'VE HEARD OF YOU!... CALL ME NIKKI! AND, IF YOU WANT TO HELP, COME ON!



HOLD ON A SECOND--WE CAN USE THIS! AND, BY THE WAY, WHERE AM I-- IN SPAIN?

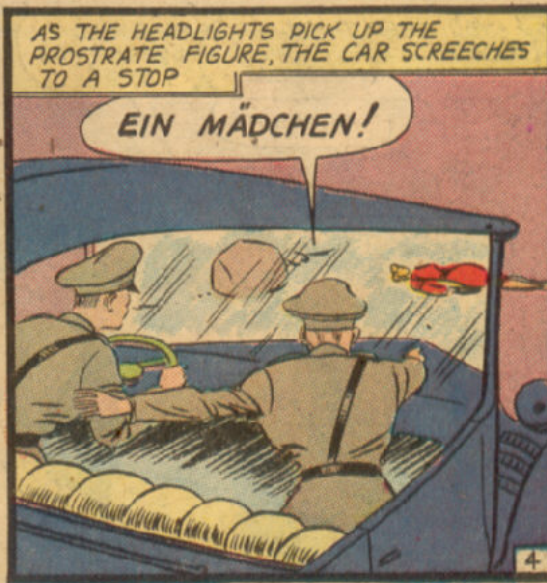
NO. IN OCCUPIED FRANCE!



I WAS ON A MISSION, AND THOSE GESTAPO MEN CAUGHT ME... FIRST OF ALL, WE MUST HAVE A CAR

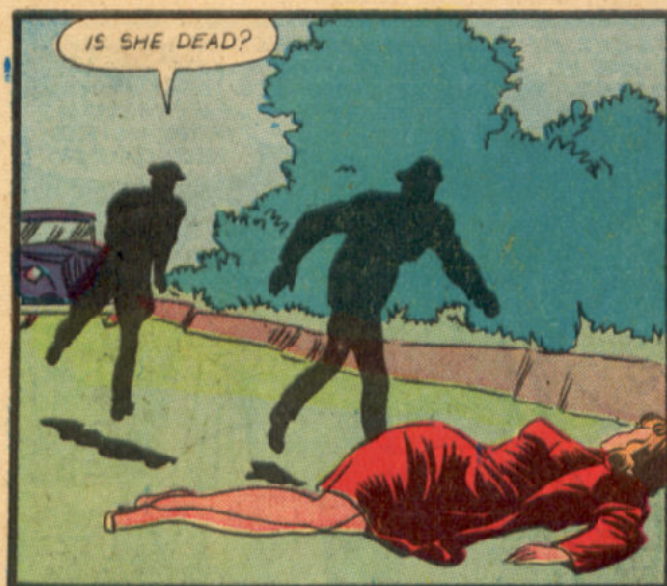


WELL, HERE COMES ONE NOW! QUICK-- LIE DOWN IN THE ROAD! JUST DO AS I SAY!



AS THE HEADLIGHTS PICK UP THE PROSTRATE FIGURE, THE CAR SCREECHES TO A STOP

EIN MÄDCHEN!

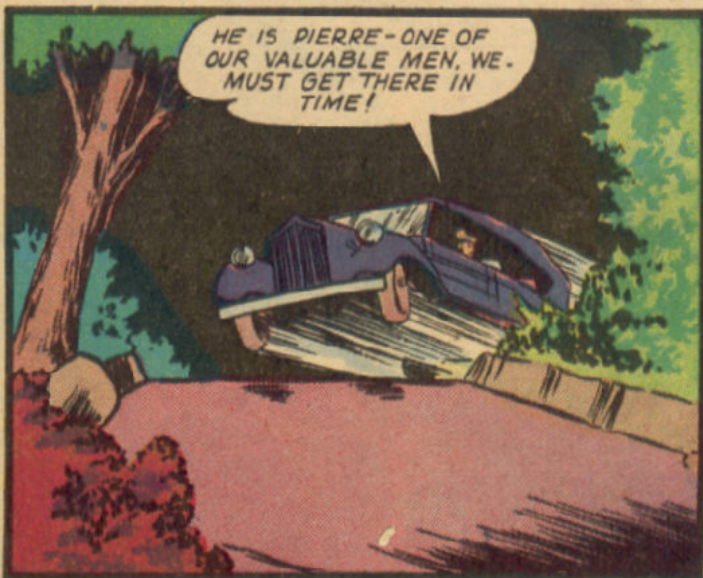


LEAVING THE NAZIS SECURELY TIED,
THE CHAMELEON AND NIKKI SPEED
AWAY IN THE OFFICERS' CAR.

WE MUST HURRY, CHAMELEON!
IN A VILLAGE, SOMEWHERE AHEAD
OF US, ONE OF OUR AGENTS IS
TO BE SHOT AT DAWN!



HE IS PIERRE - ONE OF
OUR VALUABLE MEN. WE
MUST GET THERE IN
TIME!



AS DAWN APPEARS OVER
THE HORIZON...

OH-OH! LOOK, NIKKI!
NAZI TROOPS
AHEAD!
KEEP GOING! WE'LL
CHANCE IT!



THE GERMAN TROOPS MOVE ASIDE AS THE
STAFF CAR DASHES THROUGH.

LOOKS AS IF IT WOULD
WORK, NIKKI! THEY
THINK WE ARE
NAZI OFFICERS!



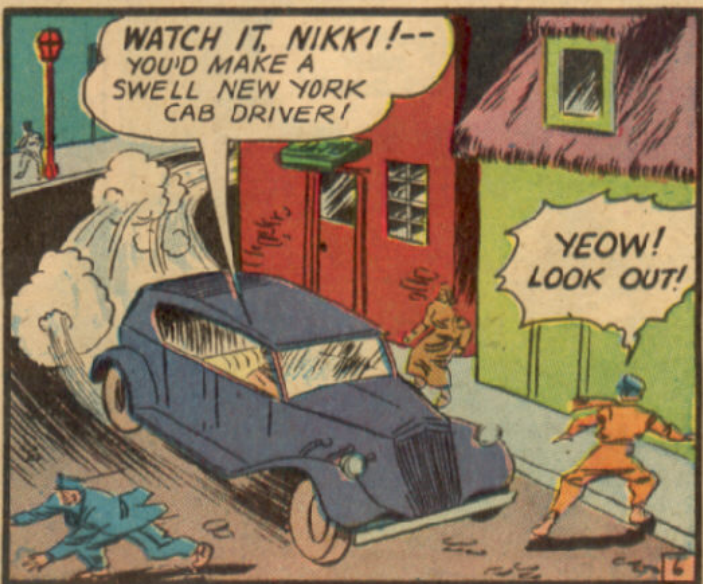
IT DID WORK!
WE MADE
IT!

AND THERE'S THE
VILLAGE! - THE
EXECUTION TAKES
PLACE IN THE
SQUARE...



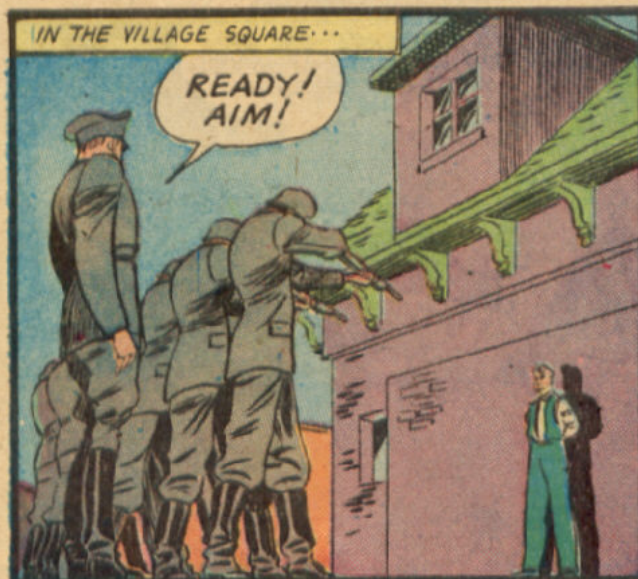
WATCH IT, NIKKI!--
YOU'D MAKE A
SWELL NEW YORK
CAB DRIVER!

YEOW!
LOOK OUT!



IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE...

READY!
AIM!

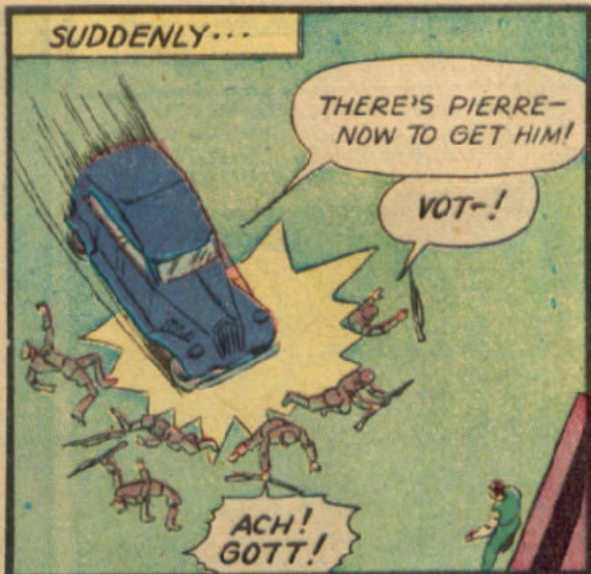


SUDDENLY...

THERE'S PIERRE—
NOW TO GET HIM!

VOT-!

ACH!
GOTT!

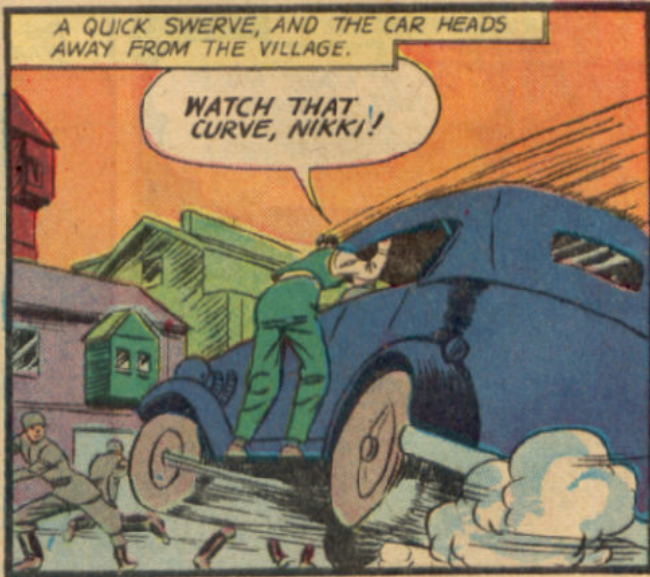


PIERRE! QUICK-
JUMP ON!



A QUICK SWERVE, AND THE CAR HEADS
AWAY FROM THE VILLAGE.

WATCH THAT
CURVE, NIKKI!



DUCK!
KEEP YOUR
HEADS DOWN!

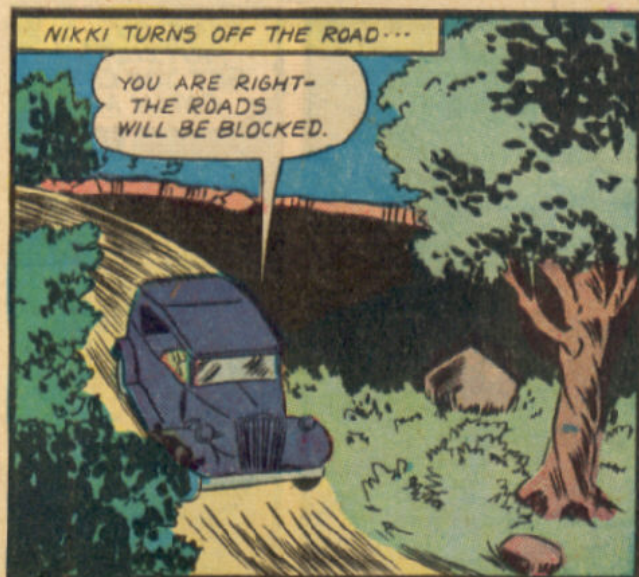
BANG

BANG



WE GOT OUT OF THE VILLAGE,
BUT WE'LL NEVER REACH
YOUR HEADQUARTERS—THE
NAZIS WILL
BLOCK ALL
ROADS!





REACHING THE CAR, THE CHAMELEON STARTS THE MOTOR.

NOW TO WAIT FOR THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE. OH-OH - HERE THEY COME!



QUICKLY, THE CAR ROARS AWAY!

THERE THEY ARE! SCHNELL! CATCH THEM! GET THEM!



COME ON, FRITZIES! BET YOU CAN'T CATCH ME!



IT WORKED! THIS SHOULD GIVE NIKKI TIME TO GET AWAY. **WOW!** WHAT'S THAT BEHIND ME?

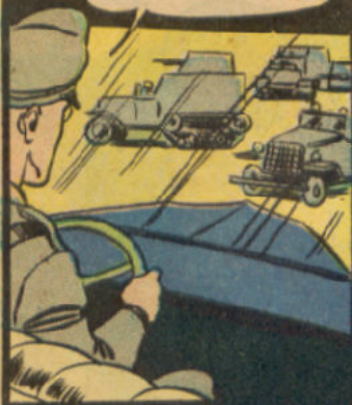


SUDDENLY, DOWN THE ROAD BEHIND HIM, ROARS A POWERFUL MOTOR UNIT!

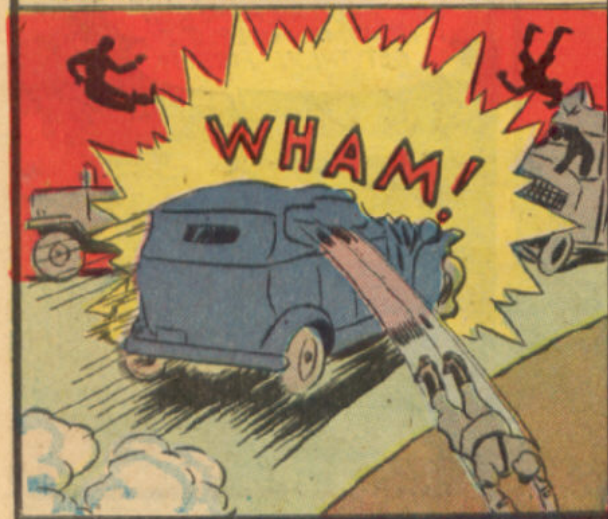


AND, AHEAD, ANOTHER UNIT BLOCKS THE ROAD.

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THIS ROAD FOR ME - SO I MAY AS WELL DO SOME DAMAGE!



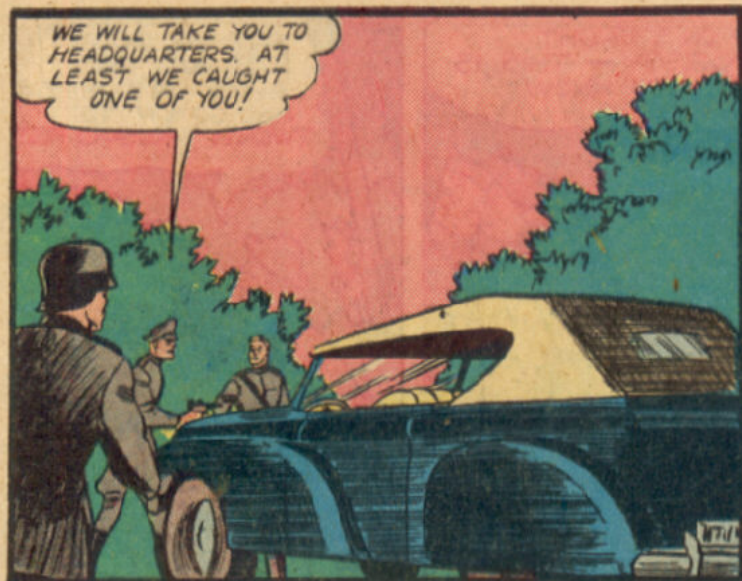
LEAPING FROM THE CAR, THE CHAMELEON SENDS IT CRASHING INTO THE NAZIS...



... BUT BEFORE HE CAN GET AWAY, THE NAZIS ARE UPON HIM!

WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED! THE OTHERS GOT AWAY!



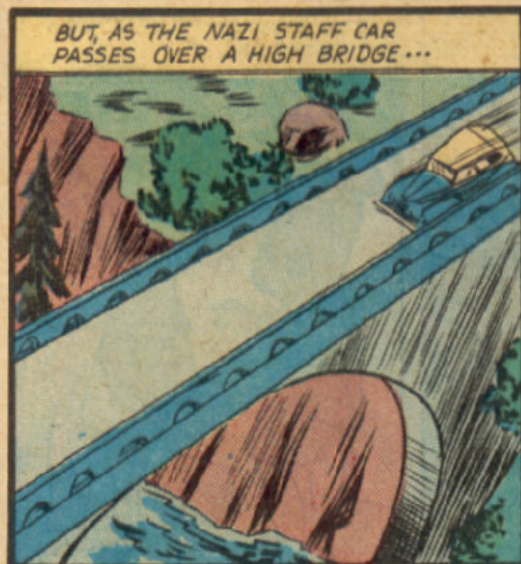


WE WILL TAKE YOU TO HEADQUARTERS. AT LEAST WE CAUGHT ONE OF YOU!



HURRY, DRIVER! HEADQUARTERS!

JA!



BUT, AS THE NAZI STAFF CAR PASSES OVER A HIGH BRIDGE...



... THE CHAMELEON LEAPS FROM THE CAR AND DIVES INTO THE WATER!

VAS IST! STOP!



DOWN- DOWN HE PLUNGES.



HE GOT AWAY!

NO MAN COULD LIVE THROUGH THAT!



BUT, DOWNSTREAM, A LONE FIGURE CRAWLS FROM THE RIVER.

THOSE NAZIS DON'T KNOW IT YET BUT THEY'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN TO HEAR ABOUT THE CHAMELEON!

THE NEXT ISSUE OF **TARGET** WILL HAVE A NEW STORY OF THE CHAMELEON'S ADVENTURES IN NAZI-OCCUPIED EUROPE.

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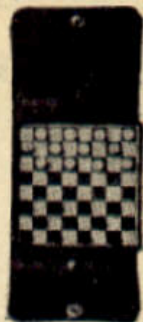
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